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MORNING, NOON AND NIGHT.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY H. B. H.

Morn is for quiet thought, when the tired brain
And wearied body, calmed by sweet repose,
Forget the toil of yesterday, its pain,
Its blighting woes;
And, thus refreshed, they grasp once more the load,
And march with boldness on the dusty road.
Thus may thy life, serene in early morn,
Fit and prepare thee for the noon-tide heat,
When thou shalt join the ever-moving throng
That onward press with busy, restless feet.

Noon is for steady toil, for anxious care,
When all the powers of body, will or mind
Are bent to solve the problem, How to live.
Alas! few find
The answer are their weary course is run,
And life is ended, nor their labor done.
See that thy noon in well-directed course
Of active duties be in honor passed;
Till, spent with toil, life's midday heats all o'er,
Thou shalt find rest in calm content at last.

Night is for dreams, for love; our labor o'er,
We seek for rest, for warmth, for grateful cheer;
And, in the presence of our loved, to find
All that is dear
Of kindly sympathy, of trust and love,
That lifts the soul to nobler things above.
Thus may the evening of thy life come on;
Conscious of time well spent, a course well run,
When the night closes o'er thee, mayest thou hear
A Father's welcome in the sweet "Well done!"

VIOLET MILDMAY;

OR,

IN THE SPIDER'S WEB.

A THRILLING ROMANCE OF LOVE, DECEIT AND CRIME.

CHAPTER III.

What man so wise, what earthly wit so ware,
As to descry the crafty, cunning train
By which deceit doth mask in visor fair,
And cast her colors dyed deep in grain?—SPENSER.

In the few minutes consumed by Captain Murpoint in mastering the emotion which the sight of his old friend's daughter had produced, Mrs. Mildmay had recovered from her astonishment, and, with her well-bred composure still a little shaken, came forward with outstretched hand.

"And is it indeed poor John's old friend Captain Murpoint?" she said with a little smile.

"It is indeed," said the captain, taking her hand and bending over it with graceful empressement. "Alas, that I should return to find his place empty! Yet scarcely empty, for here is a beautiful reflection of my dear friend's face and form."

And he turned his eyes with affectionate admiration upon Violet again. Mrs. Mildmay sighed, then quickly called his attention to her guests.

"We have got half through dinner, Captain Murpoint, as you see, but I am sure my friends will not mind a little extension of the meal, while fresh courses are prepared. Let me introduce you. Mrs. Dodson, this is an old friend of Violet's father, consequently a dear friend of ours—Captain Murpoint."

The captain's quick black eyes rested for a moment upon her and Mrs. Dodson's physiognomies while the introduction was being made, as quickly passed over Mr. and Mrs. Giles' and the vicar's, but rested a little longer when Mr. Leicester's turn came, and grew more searching in their expression as they met the calm regard of the young man's.

But the keenness of the scrutiny—for it was nothing more nor less—was tempered by a smile. Captain Murpoint possessed the rare art of smiling well.

"I beg that you will not delay the meal, nor change a single course. I am a case-hardened traveler, and too used to short fare to think anything of the loss of soup and fish. Indeed, my dear madam, if you will pardon me for a few moments, I will exchange these dusty and really disgraceful garments for something more orthodox and suitable."

Mrs. Mildmay bowed graciously and turned to a footman.

"I have brought my man with me—a faithful fellow, who has been my companion in fair weather and foul all over the globe," said the captain, moving towards the door. "Pray let me implore you not to spoil your clever dinner."

So saying, he passed through the doorway, outside which, eyeing the elegant room with a satisfied and comprehensive gaze, stood the grim-faced, sharp-eyed "faithful fellow," the captain's servant.

Violet had not spoken a single word save those she had addressed to the captain—a sweet, solemn gravity had settled upon her fair young face, based by there by the memories of her father, which this stranger's arrival had called up. She sighed when his soft, pleasing voice had died away, and turned almost with a start to her neighbor, Mr. Leicester.

"How strange—is it not?" she said.

"Very," said Mr. Leicester, looking at her thoughtfully. "Captain Murpoint came unexpectedly?"

"Quite," said Violet.

Leicester Dodson toyed with his fork.

"Do you remember him?"

"I have never seen him before," replied Violet quietly. "But he is such an old personal friend. My father never wrote me a letter without mentioning him."

Leicester, with all the interest he felt showing plainly in his face, nodded.

"They met in India of course. Captain Murpoint must be a younger man than Mr. Mildmay would have been."

"Yes," said Violet, "much younger. Papa told me how much once, but I have forgotten."

Then her aunt spoke to her, and Leicester fell into a muse. Captain Murpoint's advent seemed to have struck all his eloquence dumb.

The rest of the guests were chattering with quite a mild excitement, but he sat turning the fork over and following the pattern of the table-cloth with that grim silence which did not sit ill upon him, though it would have made some men look sullen.

Suddenly the hum died out, and Leicester, looking up, saw that Captain Murpoint's re-entrance was the cause. If Captain Murpoint had looked gentlemanly in his traveling suit, he certainly looked distinguished in the orthodox army dress.

Leicester Dodson's eyes, as they watched him take his place between Violet and her aunt, took in every detail of the well-formed figure, from its breadth of shoulders to the long stretch of arm with its strength-denoting muscular development.

But when he came to regard the face he was startled. He had, on the captain's first entrance, thought him rather handsome; but now, seeing him side-face, he was surprised to find that there was a sinister look about some feature that had an unpleasant effect.

Suddenly the captain turned full face to address Violet, and the displeasing expression had gone. Then he turned again, and Leicester understood it. One side of Mr. Murpoint's face was better-looking than the other.

On the right side, in a line with the ear, there was a scar—a small white scar—too small, one would have thought, to have marred the face, but mar it it certainly did; for, whether the captain smiled or frowned, looked humorous or sad, that scar remained the same. Unfeeling, white, repulsive, giving the sinister cast to the right side of the face which had startled Leicester.

Was the captain aware of this blot on his beauty?

Certainly that scar side of his face was not half so often seen as the other, and Leicester, who was observant as well as quiet, noticed that when he was spoken to the captain invariably turned his left side with a smile to the speaker, and kept it turned until the speaker's gaze was withdrawn.

But Leicester was not allowed to continue his silent examination of Mr. Murpoint's features long, for that gentleman, having blunted his appetite upon the greater portion of a fowl, with a tact which was remarkable, soon engaged the whole table in conversation.

Then he found that he could not only smile well, but talk well also. He started a topic, and chased and ran it to death in a light, graceful way, then raised another. The spirits of the party, which had grown somewhat low, rose rapidly. The captain was humorous, and made Miss Mildmay laugh. Then, with a graceful ease, he veered round into the pathetic—some little Indian story—and the ladies sighed sympathetically.

And suddenly he managed to engage Leicester Dodson in discussion on the catacombs, and proved to that gentleman, who knew the East pretty thoroughly, that Egyptian antiquities were also not quite hidden mysteries to the wonderful captain.

All the time he managed to eat, in a noiseless, well-bred way, about three times as much as anyone else, and contrived to divert to his own plate the nice cuts and choice corners of the poultry and saddle of mutton. He drank, too, with a quiet enjoyment of the good wine, which met with a hearty sympathy from the butler.

"This wine," he said, lifting his glass and bowing to Miss Mildmay with infinite grace, "this wine my dear friend brought from India—eh! my dear young lady," turning to Violet, "many and many glasses have your father and I drunk in the hot sunset. I have a wonderful memory for wine and faces. Do you know," he broke off suddenly, addressing Leicester, who was regarding him with his quiet, earnest gaze, "I fancy that I have seen you before. Have I?"

"I can't say. 'Tis possible," said Leicester. "Have you any recollection beyond the indistinct surface?"

"N—o," said the captain, hesitating. "Were you ever in India?"

"No," said Leicester. "I have traveled through the East, and know the Continent and England pretty well."

"There you have the advantage of me," said the captain, setting his wine-glass down and looking round at the attentive faces. "I left my native land when a boy of eighteen, and returned only two days since."

"Ah," said the vicar, in his nervous, jerky style. "Then you have much to see, Captain Murpoint. England is small, but precious in beauty. It can compare creditably with any other spot on earth, even its most unfair and ill features. What is softer and more beautiful than Devonshire? What more grand than the Cornish cliffs? Aye, even in picturesque business it would be difficult to eclipse our little Island. We defy you to find in any other part of the globe so weird and grotesque a piece of scenery as the Portland wastes."

The captain, with a smile, had turned his left side to the well-meaning but rather long-winded cleric, and the butler was filling his glass with the wine which he had so highly praised. Suddenly, as the vicar's neatly-turned sentence came to a close, the captain's face turned and presented the left side, which was as white as the scar itself.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the butler, for the captain, in turning his head, had also moved his hand and spilled some of the wine.

"All right, my good fellow," he said good-naturedly, and stooped to wipe the wine from his coat. Then, looking up as placid and smiling as before, he added: "Portland! Let me see—that is on the south coast, is it not? A—er—convict station?"

"Yes," said the vicar. "A most interesting place, and well worth a visit. If you think of making an English tour, you should by all means take it en route."

"Thanks," said the captain, with an air of gratitude. "It's a good suggestion." Then he rose to open the door for the ladies, his left side well to the front, and the good-tempered, well-bred smile shining placidly upon it.

The vicar, being the oldest friend of Mrs. Mildmay, moved to the head of the table, and did the honors of the good old port and claret with formal exactness; but the gentlemen had evidently taken all the wine they cared for, and with a nervous "Er, shall we join the ladies?" the vicar pushed back his chair and led the way into the drawing-room.

Mrs. Giles was seated at the piano. Mrs. Tomson, the vicar's wife, was sipping tea, with her sweet little head on one side like a tom-tit, listening to Mrs. Mildmay's explanation of the intricacies of some new needlework, and Violet and Mrs. Dodson were engrossed in conversation, which had for its topic Mr. Leicester's various habits and idiosyncracies, a topic the fond mother could expatiate upon ad infinitum.

The captain's quick glance flashed through the handsome room for a moment, then sank into a quiet gleam of pleasure as he walked to Violet's low chair, and, motioning with his eyes to a small black-edged portrait of himself that hung in a recess, said:

"No wonder you recognized me so quickly, Miss Mildmay. I had forgotten the portrait."

Violet smiled.

"But for me, who see it so constantly, it seems as impossible for me to forget you, or rather fail to recognize you."

Mrs. Mildmay turned with a smile and a little nervous flush.

"You notice that it has a black frame, Captain Murpoint?"

The captain nodded, with a shrug of the shoulders.

"Yes, and I can guess the reason. Oh, my dear madam, I must reserve the story of my resuscitation for a more fitting opportunity. I am afraid you will find it tedious. Poor John! would that he could have lived to learn that, instead of being among the killed, I was only one of the unfortunate captives."

Here the vicar, who had been vainly endeavoring to engage mild Mr. Dodson in a theological argument, turned with very awkward interest.

"Ah, Captain Murpoint, that was a most extraordinary mistake. I am curious to hear how it occurred. My old friend mourned for you very deeply, er—er—and caused a tablet to be set up on the left side of the church aisle to your memory."

The captain sighed, then smiled.

"It was a mistake, and an extraordinary one. The facts are very simple, though. My corporal—a worthy man, poor fellow—had, the evening before the skirmish, fallen into a water tank and spoiled his uniform, the only one he had brought with him. He came to my tent at sunset, dripping wet, and I, on the impulse of the moment, lent him one of my spare suits. Poor fellow, he promised to return it before the following morning, but Providence so willed it that the loan should become a gift. Before sunrise the Sepoys were upon us. I was wounded and taken prisoner, the poor corporal was killed and mangled to such an extent as to render his identification by features impossible. The clothes by which they imagined they could ascertain his personality were, of course, mine, and so Captain Howard Murpoint was returned as dead and buried, and Corporal Mundy was cited as captured."

Violet, who had been listening with her dark eyes fixed upon the captain's face, drew a long breath.

"And to what became of you?" she asked, with that absent, abrupt way peculiar to her.

The captain passed his hand down his thick, dark moustache and looked at her.

"I will tell you some day," he said, "as I threatened. Suffice it for the present that I was held captive for two years far away beyond the Himalayas, outside the pale of civilization. It was a miserable time; to look back upon it even now, in this comfortable room and with your interested face, my dear young lady, before me, gives me an unpleasant sensation. The Hindoos are the connecting link between the man and the monster!"

And with this figurative conclusion the captain rose and walked to the bureau to turn over the leaves of "The Battle of Prague," with which the vicar's wife was about to favor the company. Leicester Dodson dropped into the vacant seat, Violet drawing her skirts out of the way of his long legs.

"And have you not played yet?" he asked.

Violet woke from her absent fit and shook her head.

"Not yet," she said. "I am not fond of my own music. You will play or sing, will you not?"

"I can do neither," he said. "I have a voice that would shame a crow."

Violet laughed her full, sweet, mirthful laugh.

"I am so sorry, because now you will have to play whist. Look, the vicar is shuffling the cards and looking round for the victims already."

"Shall I hide behind you?" said Leicester, in a low whisper.

"Indeed, no; you shall do your duty!" And, catching the vicar's blinking eyes, she beckoned to him.

"Here is Mr. Leicester for one corner. He doesn't sing or play!"

Leicester looked fierce and nodded at his father.

"You will have enough without me, I think," he said, and the vicar, more nervous than ever, but quite as anxious for a rubber, shuffled over to Mr. Dodson, who, with his benevolent, expressionless face well elevated, was beating time with his first finger to the "Battle."

So the vicar seized upon him, Mrs. Dodson and Mr. Giles, and was soon in his play.

"I've escaped, you see," said Leicester, with his grim smile.

"Only out of one danger into another," said Violet maliciously. "The Battle of Prague will be fought out directly, and then you will have to go over the large scrap-book of Swiss views and tell Mrs. Tomson which of the lakes you have seen."

"Thank you," said Leicester. "It is a necessary part of the programme, I am prepared to perform it without a change of audience. If you will allow me, Miss Mildmay, I'll go over the scrap-book with you."

The two long strides he seized the book and opened it.

"I knew you would be very much bored," said Violet. "I told you so before you came."

"And I assure you that you were wrong, which you are. I was never farther from being bored in my life. That's a fine view. I climbed that on the coldest day in Winter, and had to have my fingers thawed in the shed at the top."

"And you learned cliff-climbing in Switzerland, of course?" said Violet naively. "Do you know you frightened me so this morning? I was afraid you would fall over and be killed."

Leicester's eyes—they were dark and deep, and somewhat stern for so young a man—brightened.

"Should you have been so sorry?" he asked.

"Of course. How stupid a question!" laughed Violet wickedly. "Cannot you surmise the consequences? I might have been accused of throwing you over, tried and condemned."

"But the motive," said Leicester, entering into the jest. "What motive could they have found?"

"Oh," said Violet, "people are always ready to find motives for other people; they would have said I resented your appearance as an interruption to a train of pleasing thoughts; in fact, they would have been sure to find a motive."

"That is a pretty plain hint that I am to avoid that favorite walk of yours for the future, and beware how I interrupt your cliff reveries."

Violet flushed.

"Indeed, no. It is not a favorite walk—at least, not particularly so—and I am sure you are welcome to come. What nonsense! It is as much yours as mine, and I seem to be making you a present of it," and she laughed.

Then "The Battle of Prague" came to an end, and the captain led Mrs. Tomson to a seat with profuse compliments upon her style and touch.

"Are you fond of music, Captain Murpoint?" asked Violet.

"I adore it," said the captain, seating himself by her side and looking with a smile at Leicester, who regarded him with his usual grim reserve. "Music is the language of women and angels. Are you not going to sing?"

Violet shook her head at first.

"Will you not?" said Leicester earnestly, bending the regard of his dark eyes on her.

Then she changed her mind, and, placing her hand upon the captain's arm, allowed him to take her to the piano. Leicester remained where he was, and, thrusting his hands into his pockets, stretched out his long legs, and watched her beneath his dark, heavy eyebrows.

He had seen beautiful women of all countries—Circassians with pearly skin and rosebud lips, Spanish señoras with almond eyes and passionate, low-strung voices, Italians with fire-lit laughter and lithe grace—but none whose beauty touched and warmed him as the pure, sweet loveliness of this willful English rose did.

Beautiful! The word was poor, tame, commonplace for such a face. Call it lovable, bewitching, which is far better than beautiful, and your were still far from a satisfactory adjective, Leicester thought; and as he sat and listened, his gaze alternating between the fair young face and the dark, sinister one of the man by her side, he felt her heart slipping away from him.

The song finished, there arose a commotion at the whist table. The vicar, in nervous, jerky sentences, was hauling Mr. Dodson over the coals for bad play. Mr. Dodson, with a bewildered air, was vainly endeavoring to explain, and at last managed to persuade the captain, who had stood smilingly listening to the dispute, to take his place.

The captain sat down, asserting, with a good-natured shrug of the shoulders, that he had not taken a hand at whist for a twelvemonth—which was indeed solemn truth—and the game commenced, the vicar and Mrs. Giles being partners against the captain and Mrs. Dodson.

"What are the stakes?" said the captain.

"Er—er—" stammered the vicar in his shrill falsetto, "what you please."

"Half-crown points?" said the captain carelessly, and, the rest agreeing, the captain and Mrs. Dodson lost the first game.

Now, the vicar was fond of cards, and was still more fond of winning a little money at them. The captain made one or two gross blunders, and clearly proved that he was out of practice. The vicar was but human, and suggested that they should raise the stakes.

Alas, the next game was scored to the captain's side. So, also was the next, and Mrs. Dodson, with many blushes and exclamations of comic alarm at the amount, shared ten pounds with her lucky partner. Then the party broke up.

Leicester Dodson, who had been talking to Violet during the whole of the card-playing, bowed over her small white hand with his usual gravity, wrapped his mother in her China crepe shawl, and took her to the carriage. The vicarage party and the Giles followed quickly, and the captain was left alone with his old friend's daughter and her aunt.

"Captain Murpoint, I have given you rooms in the south wing. If they are not to your liking, I hope you will let me change them," said Mrs. Mildmay.

"They will seem palatial apartments after Indian mud huts, my dear madam, and only too luxurious," said the captain.

"Good-night," said Violet, giving him her hand. "I hope you will sleep soundly, and not dream. There are ghosts near you."

The captain laughed.

"You mean in those old ruins at the side," he said.

"Yes," said Violet. "The park was all ruins when papa bought it, but he pulled down all the old walls, excepting the tower and old chapel that adjoin the south wing, and they are fearfully haunted."

"I am not afraid," said the captain, and with another good-night he ascended the broad staircase to the apartments allotted to him.

Captain Murpoint was evidently an honored guest. The suite of rooms was of the best in the house, and beautifully furnished; the small dressing-room or boudoir exquisitely so. As the captain opened the door of the dainty little nest, a sturdy figure rose from the satin-covered couch and saluted him with a grin. Then the captain set the candle down on the inlaid table and walked to the window, which he threw open, then he turned to the sturdy figure and smiled.

"You don't look so ridiculous in your swallow-tails as I should have thought, Jem—no, Starling I mean, but I'm afraid appearance is the least important attribute of a gentleman's servant. Help me off with this coat."

Mr. Starling, with a grave face, tugged at the coat rather clumsily.

"Gently," said the captain. "I don't want you to take my arms with it. That will do," and he said into the chair before the glass and stared at the reflection of his face, absorbed in thought.

Starling watched him in silence for a minute or two, then fidgeted restlessly, and at last spoke out:

"Well, captain, aint you got a word for your humble pal? How's things going? Does the plant look well?"

"Hush!" said the captain, arousing, with a start. "The window is open, doors and walls have ears. You must drop that slang and talk like the character you assume, even when we are alone, for practice. Tell me what you have seen. Is the house large?"

"Enormous!" replied Starling, sinking his voice to a disagreeable hoarseness. "It's a reg'lar palace. Bigger than the pris——"

The captain sprang to his feet, his eyes blazing, and face white.

"Idiot! keep that word between your teeth. We're working over a powder-mine, and such a word as that means destruction. Forget the past; forget that you were ever anything else than my servant—Captain Murpoint's valet. If you don't, that idiot's tongue of yours will blab and spoil the whole."

He sat down again with something of his old coolness, but his hand, as it toyed with an ivory-backed brush, trembled, and his eyes still flashed evilly.

"All right, captain," pleaded Starling humbly. "It was a slip," he laughed, "but it shan't occur again. Cuss me for an idiot. But I never can play a close game like this right away at first. It requires genius, and I aint that, and you are, capt'n; and that's where the difference is ——"

"Answer my question," said the captain, interrupting him with a gesture of weariness.

"The place is a regular gold mine," said Starling. "Heaps o' servants and cartloads o' plate. I never saw such swag. Great big plates and basins and ornaments, and spoons and forks enough to set us up for life ——"

The captain interrupted with a contemptuous:

"Pshaw! Do you think I am going to steal the plate, idiot?"

"Well, you might do wus," said Starling, scratching his head with a puzzled air. "O' course, I don't know what game you're playing, captain; how should I?—you're such a deep 'un. But some games want capital, and where are we going to get that?"

"Capital," repeated the captain, more to himself than in answer to the expressed doubt of his companion—"my capital is here," and he knocked his snow-white forehead with his forefinger.

Then, with a short, dry laugh, he pulled the five sovereigns out of his pocket, and flung them on the table.

"Capital! You're right, my friend. Five pounds is not much to start a big thing on, but it's enough when Captain Murpoint has the undertaking in hand!"

CHAPTER IV.

Conceal yourself as well 's ye can
Fra' critical dissection;
But keek through every fither man
With lengthened, sly inspection.—BURNS.

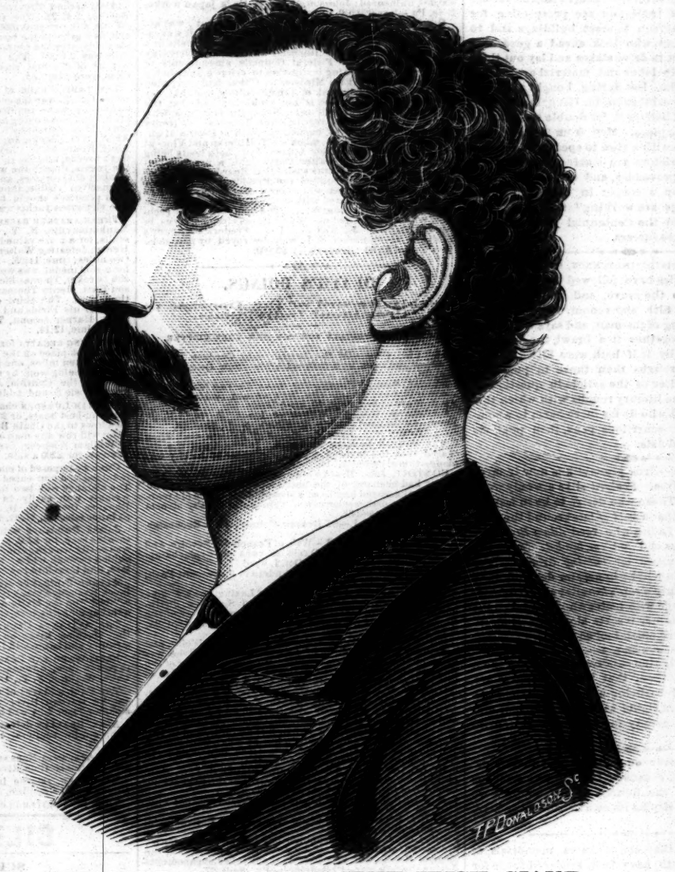
Mildmay Park—or The Park, as it was more generally called—was peculiarly placed on the slope of a hill climbing towards the cliff.

The lower part of the building was that remnant of the old abbey of which Violet had spoken to Captain Murpoint. The upper part was the modern, luxurious mansion in which the wealthy merchant-prince John Mildmay had lived.

Money can command all things in the way of architecture and luxury, and The Park was a fitting residence for a marquis, to say nothing of an East India merchant. Having passed so much of his time in the crowded, bustling streets of both hemispheres, it was only natural that Violet's father should choose a quiet resting-place. Penruddie was quiet enough to suit an Anglican monk.

Beside the Cedars, there was no other house on the cliff, and the village in the valley was so small as to scarcely be deserving of the name. A few fishermen's cottages, a general shop, and an inn, picturesque and inviting, comprised it.

The fishermen were simple people, who looked upon The Park and its inmates as a place and people to be worshiped from afar; the general shop, a little more elevated in its notions, prized itself upon the custom of the "gentry," and the inn—well, the inn deserves something more than a statistical mention.



EDWARD O'BALDWIN, THE IRISH GIANT.

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It was a pretty little place, midway in the single street, overgrown with ivy, from which its windows peered like so many eyes struggling to catch a glimpse of the glittering signboard through their lids of leaves.

The signboard was a wonder. In Martha Pettingall's opinion there had never been, nor ever would be, a work of art to compare with it. It bore on its crimson background a lion so blue, so fierce, and in attitude so wickedly and preposterously unnatural that, perhaps, Martha's pride was, after all, excusable. Certainly, there was some truth in her assertion that there was "ne'er a lion in the whole world like it."

Martha Pettingall was a thin old lady, with sharp eyes and a mysterious complaint. This disease—it was painless—attacked her whenever the wind was in the east, and then she was cross, and her niece, pretty Polly Pettingall, aggravating. It proclaimed itself by sharp tones and a yellow bandana.

The sharp tones were freely employed to all about her, and the fishermen knew when to expect them by the appearance of the yellow flag tied tightly round Martha's head and face. On which times it was astonishing how quiet the gruff, hard-voiced men became, and how early they left the little tap-room and departed to their by no means soft couches.

The day after the captain's arrival Martha appeared in the bar, with the yellow bandana and the vinegarish tones, in full battle array. Polly—light-hearted, slippery-fingered Polly—had dropped and broken one of the best jugs, one of that precious set which the late Joe Pettingall had presented to her aunt as a wedding-gift, and there was wrath in the hostess' bosom, and fierce ire in the bandana.

Polly was red and flushed about the neighborhood of the eyes, and her pretty lips were fixed in a sullen, tear-threatening pout. It was a quarter to eleven. The men had just come in from a mackerel haul, and were inclined to be jovial.

"Where's the missus?" inquired Willie Sanderson, as, followed by a dozen of his mates, young and old, he trudged into the bar-room. "Well, Polly, my lass, thee's as fresh as a herrin' this mornin'! There's a mak'rel for ye, the biggest I've seen this season."

And Willie, a great, strapping giant, with a good-natured face and a pair of dark, wide-awake eyes, threw an enormous fish upon the polished counter.

"Thank you, Willie," said Polly with a dolorous sniggle.

"Why, what's the matter, lass?" exclaimed the brawny fisherman, taking her by the shoulders and swinging her round. "Here, you Bill, and Jim, and Jack, what's the lass piping her eye! Can't ye say a word o' comfort?"

The young fellows, fresh-cheeked, brown-eyed sons of the hamlet, gathered round sympathetically and admiringly, ready with their inquiries and their condolence; but pretty Polly, with a pout, stepped from among them and ran into the long bar-parlor.

"Come along, lads," said Willie; "women's tears are like gurnets—no sooner here than gone again. Jake, where's the mistress?"

At that moment the door was flung open with no gentle hand, and Martha appeared, with the yellow bandana bound tightly round her head. The young fellows looked at one another, and sank into the seats round the sanded room in grim, expressive silence.

"Well!" said Martha sharply. "Is the haul in?" It's mighty early ye are, Willie Sanderson, and it's no great take, I suppose, as usual."

"Indeed, you're wrong, mistress," said big Willie with a short laugh. "The haul's as good as ye could wish, and we be come up to wet the fish afore they starts on their last journey."

"Ye'd better have sent them off, and took to your drinking after," said Martha sharply.

"That's a matter of opinion, arter all," retorted Willie, who was the only one in Penruddie who dared bandy words with the owner of the "Blue Lion" and the yellow bandana.

"What's it to be, lads?" he continued, looking round.

"Ye'll get nothing but ale so early as this," declared Martha decisively, and so, fully aware that any opposite opinion, however firmly delivered, would be of no avail, the "boys" nodded good-naturedly, and the shrewish hostess left the room for the ale.

Four huge tankards were soon foaming at the mouth, and Polly was bearing them into the room on a tray, when the low-browed door swung open, and the well-built, dapper form of Mr. Starling entered.

"'Eavens! what a sight!" he exclaimed, throwing himself into an elaborate pose of ecstatic admiration, and arresting Polly's progress thereby. "It's a study of Michael Hangelo," and he clasped his hands with an air of enthusiasm.

Pretty Polly threw up her head with a pert smile and a side glance at the stranger.

"Oh, indeed!" she said, "and pray who's Mr. Hangelo? and who's a sight, I should like to know?"

"You're a sight, my dear," retorted Mr. Starling, who, however deferential and meek he might be in his master's presence, was thoroughly at home and at his ease in a public house. "You're a sight beautiful enough to gladden any hartist's eyes."

"Nonsense!" said Polly, tripping into the tap-room.

Mr. Starling, with a cast of his sharp eyes in that direction, strolled up to the bar and bowed with proper respect to the landlady.

"Good-morning, ma'am. I hope I see you well. Beautiful morning for the hay——"

"Do you want anything to drink?" sternly interrupted Martha.

Not at all discomposed, Mr. Starling intimated that he should feel obliged if the lady would favor him with a glass of her very best ale, and draw it mild. Perfectly unmoved by his grand manner and repeated bows, Martha drew the glass of ale and flung the twopence with a clash into the large pocket at her side. Mr. Starling winked at the ceiling, chuckled noiselessly, and disposed of the ale with a peculiar drawing in of the breath and turn of the little finger.

"That's good tackle," he said.

"Ye asked for the best," said Martha, who was not to be conciliated.

"And I've got it; and I'll have another," said Mr. Starling.

This glass he dealt with more mercifully; and, after taking a draught, carried the remainder to the tap-room door. The sunburnt faces and bright eyes of the ladies were lifted as he appeared, and Willie's sharp gray orbs seemed to take an inventory of his every inch as Mr. Starling, with a nod and a smile, said:

"Good-morning. Any fish this morning?"

"Aye, lots," said Willie curtly.

"Ah, glad to hear it," said Mr. Starling, edging a little farther into the room. "I'm very fond of fishing—allus was. Used to catch little bats with a umbrella handle and a bent pint when I was so high," and he put his hand about five inches from the floor.

"Oh! we don't fish with that tackle in these parts," said Willie quietly. "Won't you come in?" and he raised his taskard.

Mr. Starling responded candidly, and was soon seated beside the huge fisherman and discussing a fresh tankard, produced at his expense. Mr. Starling was of a convivial turn, and the little parlor was soon echoing with short, sharp laughter and snatches of rough wit, all of which, however, did not prevent a sharp scrutiny which Big Willie was continually trying to bear upon the stranger.

Once or twice he raised his eyes and glanced significantly at an old man who had entered after Starling and was seated near the door; but the old fisherman shook his head in response to the look of inquiry, and Big Willie grew more silent and serious. At last he said, in one of the pauses of conversation:

"You seem to have traveled a main. Where be ye bound for?"

Mr. Starling nodded up toward the ceiling and jerked his thumb over his shoulder.

"I'm staying at The Park," he said. Come along with Captain Murpoint."

"You're his servant?" said Willie.

"Yes; I'm his servant," said Mr. Starling, looking into the bottom of his quart pot with one eye closed.

"Oh!" said the fisherman, with an air almost of relief. "Oh! that's it, is it?" he said. "I thought, perhaps, ye were loafing round a bit."

Mr. Starling grinned.

"I can do a bit at that trade," he said, with a wink that elicited a guffaw.

"Noo doobt," said Willie. "An' what sort of a man is the captain?" he asked.

"What sort?" said Mr. Starling. "A good sort, or he wouldn't be my master."

"And where do ye coom from?"

"India."

Willie shook his head.

"Aye, that's where Master John coom from."

"Just so," said Mr. Starling. "They were sworn friends—what you may call brothers with two mothers. My guv'nor was Mr. Mildmay's particular pal, thick as thieves, and—come, what do you say to another wet?"

"No more," said Willie, answering for himself and the rest of the company.

"Well, if you won't, I'll see about climbing," said Mr. Starling. "It's a rum thing to build a house on a hill; it's awkward for a gentleman after he's took his evening's glass at the pub. Now, if it was me I should a-built it down here in the village, just next door to the 'Blue Lion,'" and with a wink he stuck his hat well on the side of his head and walked towards the door.

At that moment, however, Martha, entered and, looking round, said sharply:

"Are you going to sit here all day, Willie Sanderson, with all them fish to send off to Lunnon? Are ye daft, man?"

Willie Sanderson rose and looked at her, raising his hand, and scratching first his right, then his left ear.

Mr. Starling, who happened to turn at the doorway to observe how the customers would take such summary ejections, noticed the action, and was somewhat surprised to see that Martha's whole tone dropped considerably, and that, with a quick pursing of the lips, she raised her hand and scratched her own ears, first her right, then her left.

Now, Mr. Starling, who knew something of signs and countersigns, and had had occasion during his brief but eventful career to avail himself on such services, instantly decided that there was some secret understanding between the hostess of the "Blue Lion" and the burly fisherman, and was confirmed in his view by the silent and immediate obedience of the lads, who, at a toss of the head from their leader, rose quietly and left the house, giving Mr. Starling a gruff good-day as they strolled past. Mr. Starling looked after them, then turned on his heel, stuck his hand into the mysterious depths of his light trousers, and commenced his climb.

Half way up the hill, however, he stopped abruptly, and, swinging round, smacked his leg with an emphatic thwack, muttering:

"Hang me if I can make it out. What the Villikins and his Dinah does the landlady of a village inn want a-making signs with a wooden-headed fisherman?"

Mr. Starling's wits would have been still farther sharpened could he have followed Willie Sanderson down the village, and watched him unseen. The lads, once clear of the "Blue Lion," turned swiftly to the left, and ran down the beach, where, in a confused heap, were the recently taken fish and the baskets in which they were to be packed.

Willie Sanderson, however, after a word or two with the old fisherman, turned to the right, and walked slowly toward the end of the village. As he neared the row of cottages he saw, coming towards him on the road that led by many a weary mile to London, a small tax-cart. Willie's eyes were sharp, and, though the little white-covered cart apparently differed in nothing from its kindred, he knew it at a glance, and, drawing a little aside, he sat down on a heap of empty baskets to wait patiently.

Presently the cart came up, and the driver, a little, thick-set man, dressed in an ordinary guernsey, and thick white trousers peculiar to the sea-coast, and wearing a patch over his left eye, shot a sharp glance from the right one at the recumbent figure of the fisherman, and gruffly gave him "Good-morning."

"Good-morning, Job, lad," replied Willie, and, with a smile, he repeated the action which had surprised Mr. Starling.

In an instant the old fellow's hand went up to his ears, and with a reflection of Willie Sanderson's smile, he "tckd" to the horse and passed on.

Beyond the salutation, not a word had passed; but Willie Sanderson rose to his feet and set off towards the beach, whistling with the satisfaction of a man who has adroitly accomplished a difficult and dangerous undertaking.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A PROPHECY THAT WAS NOT FULFILLED.

One of the most effective prophecies against London, and which frightened for the time a very large number of its inhabitants, was given out in the Spring of 1750, after a slight shock of an earthquake had been felt in the city. It was prophecied that another should occur, and destroy the town and all its inhabitants. All the roads were thronged with persons flying to the country a day or two before the threatened event, and the fleeing ones were all unmercifully ridiculed when the day passed over quietly. Walpola, in one of his amusing letters, speaks of a party who went "to an inn ten miles out of town, where they are to play at 'brag' till five in the morning, and then come back—I suppose to look for the ruins of their thousands and families under the rubbish." Jokers who were out late amused themselves by bawling out in the watchman's voice: "Past four o'clock, and a dreadful earthquake!" A pamphlet purporting to be a "full and true account" of this earthquake which never happened was printed for Tim Prosser, in Fleet street, 1750, and was sold to the vehicle for much personal satire. Thus it is stated that the "Commissioners of Westminster Bridge have ordered this calamity to be entered into their books as a glorious excuse for the next sinking pier; and that the town received some comfort upon hearing that the Inns of Court were all sunk, and several gentlemen were given that no one should assist in bringing any one lawyer above ground."—DISRAELI.

A WORK OF ART is said to be perfect in proportion as it does not remind the spectator of the process by which it was created.

SAD AND LONELY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY J. WM. VAN NAMEE, M. D.

Sad and lonely!
Sitting all the long day through,
Gazing on the ocean blue,
Watching, waiting,
Hoping ever;
But he'll come to you, oh! never!

Sad and lonely!
Thinking of the bye-gone hours,
When life was hung with hope and flowers
Bright and gay—
Alas! now fled;
Hope lies withered, crushed and dead.

Sad and lonely!
Day follows day, night follows night,
And yet there come no tidings bright
From o'er the sea;
Amid its foam
His manly form has found a home.

MEDLEY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY CHARLES H. DAY,
Author of "Show Life," "Fun In Black," etc.

WANTED TO SEE THE BOSS.

Admiral Palmer and Commodore Tooker got up an excursion from Newark to Newburg-on-the-Hudson and return. It was a success, the Plymouth Rock being loaded down like a transport in war-times. Stopping for an hour at Newburg, there was a general rush for Washington's Headquarters, an antique building reverently preserved in memory of the "Father of his Country." Washington's Headquarters is a veritable centennial show for Newburg; but the Common Council quarrels about the expense of maintaining it, just as they do about putting down a curbstone here and a cross-walk there, and this in the era of the one hundredth anniversary of American Independence.

Hans Von Bolognæater left his better-half for a day, to draw the lager and carve the sausage and slice the cheese, and embarked on board the big boat for a day's recreation. Hans enjoyed the trip amazingly, smoked a dozen of his best three-for-ten-cents cigars, applauded the vocal efforts of the "Madrigals" and the instrumentation of the band.

The moment the Plymouth Rock made a landing there was a rush for the centre of attraction, and foremost in the throng was Hans, perspiring, puffing and blowing like a porpoise. If Gen. Washington had ever seen that crowd advancing upon his headquarters, he would have changed his base on the double quick. As it was, the house was captured, and in a twinkling filled to overflowing.

"Where is the boss?" asked Hans, addressing Kimball of the Opera-house, who was there too.

"Who?" asked Kimball, who had not in mind for the day the engagements of the coming season.

"George—the General," replied Hans.

"He has gone to Mount Vernon," answered Kimball, making a desperate attempt at solemnity.

"So?" said Hans; and then, losing all interest in the ancient pile, he dashed down the hill, fanning himself with his straw hat, until, arriving at a cool retreat, he poured down mug after mug of lager, remarking:

"Why didn't they telegraph him that we were coming!"

HASBROUCK CLEANS OUT HIS WELL.

"Hannah," said Hasbrouck the carpenter to his wife, after breakfast, "there's nothing doing to-day—I believe I'll clean out the well."

"Won't have a better chance," observed Mrs. H. "It seems to me, though, that I've been tasting something."

"A rat, perhaps, or one of the old cat's kittens," suggested Hasbrouck.

"John, how can you?" exclaimed Mrs. H., beginning to turn white about the gills.

Hasbrouck, having spoilt his wife's breakfast, went out and removed the well-curb, and proceeded to rig a windlass for raising and lowering the bucket, which was improvised from a section of a barrel. This movement attracted the attention of Stone's boys, who, seeing that something was doing over at Hasbrouck's, came over to see what was going on, where they were soon joined by half the idle youngsters in the neighborhood.

Hasbrouck had counted on this, for it is a well-known fact that there is not a boy living who is not willing to give a neighbor a hand, no matter how much he may pout at home when asked to bring a pail of water or armful of wood for his mother.

"Just in time, boys," said Hasbrouck; "we'll just snake the water out of this well, and then we'll have some of that root-beer Hannah has brewed."

You should just have seen the boys work! In an incredibly short space of time, Carrots, Stone's red headed

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1875.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ Letters seeking information replied to only through this department; no answers by mail.

OBSERVER.—"1. A, B, C and D are playing draw-poker. A deals and antes. When the deal is finished all look at their respective hands. B says 'I pass.' C and D come up with their ante, when B says 'I'll come in.' Had he a right to come in or ante after passing once? 2. If he *did* have that right, is there not a sense played where no such right is respected—that is, after passing, he could not ante and stay in? 3. All come in and have their hands helped—*i. e.*, draw to their hands. A passes, B, C and D do the same, or, in other words, none make a bet. In such a case is it not a passed-out pot? If not, how is it to be disposed of? Please print the above and your decisions to the same, for there are wagers pending on the result. Please make any explanations that will enlighten the interested parties, and oblige."..... 1. You have not stated what was done by A, whose say it was before B's. After A had either come in or passed out of the game, B could come in. 2. There is no game that debars the eldest hand from passing and coming in afterwards. 3. The pot would belong to the "age," *i. e.*, the player next on the left of the dealer. There can be no passed-out pot at any kind of poker after a bet has been made. As these players had drawn to fill their hands, there had necessarily been a betting before hand. Here the "age" could pass and come in again, but no other player could. Example: All have bet and drawn cards. A was the dealer; B, the "age," passes; C passes, and so does D. Both C and D are now out of the game. A bets, and the "age" can either call or raise him. On the other hand, had A passed instead of betting, B would have taken the pot by default. At straight poker the "age" has no such advantage, and he could pass only at the risk of being passed out.

THE DOCTOR, Washington.—1. John Broughan, on Thursday evening, Nov. 13, 1856, performed in "The Stage-struck Irishman" at the Old Bowery Theatre, N. Y., commencing at 7 o'clock and terminating at 7¼ P. M. He, with a portion of his company and invited guests, then took stages for Jersey ferry, and started from Jersey City for Philadelphia, Pa., at 7 52, arriving at the Kensington depot at 10 o'clock precisely. The party then took stages to the National Theatre, Walnut street, above Eighth, arriving there at 10:30. The performances at the National consist ing of circus, circus and circus, as per date above, commenced at 7¼ and terminated at 10¼ with "The Maniac Lover." During the evening telegrams were read to the audience stating how the company had proceeded to Baltimore, where the company had produced "Pocahontas," and the curtain rose for that performance at 10:30 and fell at 12 o'clock. The invited guests, who occupied seats in the circus ring, then, with the performers, took supper at the Girard House, after which they returned to New York by special train. 2. A special train is credited with having made the distance from Jaynesville to Chicago, Ill., 91 miles, in 90 minutes actual running time.

INTEREST, Auburn.—"The Stars and Eagles are playing a game of ball. The umpire fails to enforce the rule governing the calling of balls. He persists in calling a liver from three to nine balls without calling either ball or strike. The Stars protest repeatedly, but to no purpose (the umpire insisting upon using his discretion in the matter), and finally, under the provisions of Rule VII. Section 17, the Stars call for a new umpire, giving the Eagles the privilege of selecting any other man on the ground as Umpire. The Eagles refuse to allow a change unless the same umpire be continued. The Stars are ready to play on with any other umpire. The game, of course, has to be discontinued. What, if either, forfeit? Game to be settling before innings had been played, and the Eagles are one ahead."..... Under such a palpable violation of the rules, as above stated, the Stars are entitled to the game. By Section 17 of Rule VII. the umpire should have been dismissed. The game had better be played over again. It cannot be justly claimed as forfeited, nor as a draw. It is an exceptional contest.

X. Y. Z., Trenton.—Our rule would make you loser. The other party by his silence simply negatived your proposition. You stated that he took the opposite of it, and that the Hartfords would win, is to assume, also, that, had you bet that Bostons would win by two to one, the other party, instead of merely assuming the negative, would by his silence have taken the converse and bet that the Hartfords would beat the Bostons two to one." We judge of what you *meant* by what you *said*; but we are not at liberty positively to say a man state to us a meaning in nothing. All we know is that he said "Nay," or else said nothing and put up his money. The money means something, evidently; and it can be held to mean only "Nay," whether the bet is that the club will win by one run only, or by two runs to one. Some well-meaning people decide that the accepter takes the converse when he says "No" or says nothing; the proposition "that the Bostons will win," but that he takes merely the negative or contrary when he says "No" or says nothing to the two-to-one proposition.

H. L. P., Chicago.—"1. In a game of baseball to-day A bets B he can name four innings in which the game is won. He names 1st, 2d, 5th and 8th. The following is the score:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
St. Louis Browns.	0	0	0	0	4	0	0	0	1	—5
Philadelphias..	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—1

Who wins the money? 2. Would it make any difference if he worded his bet in this way: That the winning club wins in 1st, 2d, 7th and 8th innings?..... 1. A loses. The game was not won at all. 2. No; because there was no winning club. Even if there had been, it would not have helped A, unless the surplus score was made in the four innings specified. No answers by mail.

C. B. H., Calumet.—We cannot give you a satisfactory answer, owing to the matter never having been decided by our highest courts. Decisions in the State of New York therefore, so far as this State is concerned, is that an author has an absolute property in his literary productions, and the performance of a sketch or dramatic production in public is not, in a legal sense a publication. Managers have a right to proceed at common law against any person who may use such product without his permission having been first obtained. If the act is copyrighted, the United States courts will protect the author's rights. In the case you state, we think the best plan would be to copyright the act.

F. B. P., Baltimore.—"A and B are playing a game of bezique of 2,000 points. A had declared 1,950, and B had declared 1,980, when all the cards were played. On taking up the cards for the count, it was found that A had 70 by count, making a total of 2,020, and B had 90 count, making a total of 2,070 for B. Now, who won the game?"..... A and B are playing a game of euchre, and the dispute arose as to whether the "age" has the advantage, and he could pass only at the risk of being passed out.

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A. R.—1. B could not build by combining the deuce on the board with an ace from his hand. 2. It is usually played that way.

W. AND F., Boston.—1. We know of no one in your city that deals in them. 2. About $3.25. 3. From $30 to $50 per week.

S. A., Milford.—We do not answer letters of inquiry by mail. He is performing in variety theatres. A letter addressed to him in care of this office will reach him.

AMBY, Yonkers.—Your letter according to the diagram submitted, B wins, as his coin has its centre nearer to the crack than is that of A.

PUZZLE READER.—1. Some performer would probably be willing to sell you some, or an advertisement would aid you in getting them. 2. It would be no detriment.

UNDECIDED, Jersey City.—If "New York" has simply returned after play is called;" but in case five innings are not played, tickets are given for next game.

AMATEUR MANAGER, St. Louis.—No. 1 is a practicable two-room box-scene. No. 2 is an exterior. No. 3 is a box-scene, parlor, kitchen, or whatever else it may be.

Q., Lynchburg.—Your letter arrived so late that we have not time to look up the bill; but we will do so in season to reply in our next issue.

JAS. MCCORD.—In cutting for deal at cribbage, court and tenth cards are of the same value; but the ace is low in cutting, or deals.

KING AND QUEEN.—1. See John Bogan's advertisement. 2. In California, when last heard of. 3. It is purely a matter of opinion.

G. H. F.—It was a typographical error. It should have been Sept. 21. Thanks for old bill, which will be returned immediately after use.

WM. S. Spencer, Dayton.—1. The bet is a draw—made such by a special rule of the turf. 2. He is not obliged to return and retouch the base before going to second.

BROADWAY.—The umpire is sole judge in the case you refer to, as to its being too dark to play or not—not the captains.

FOUL-BALL.—1. A batsman making two foul strikes is to be declared out. See the rules. 2. There is no such rule; but we think there should be. 3. See the rules.

W. F. L., Montreal.—1. MS. means manuscript. 2. MSS., manuscripts. 3. "Silence is a negative" means that, if the person says nothing, he shall be held to have said "No."

ARCADE.—1. John Hatfield did not play at left-field with the Cincinnati Red Stockings in that year. 2. Charley Mills.

S. D. C., Richmond.—We think she is not performing at present. Address her in care of this office.

C. F. H., Keokuk.—From your statement of the case, the referee's decision is correct.

Y. P. M., Phila.—Capt. Bogardus killed one hundred birds in succession at Chicago, Ill.

INQUIRER, Cambridgeport.—Billy Edwards never fought Hicken.

C. J. P., Hennepin.—The challenged club goes to the challenging club's grounds.

J. R. M., Southington.—The umpire's decision was correct.

J. N., Calais.—There would be no premium on a coin of that date.

W. G. C. K., Buffalo.—See "Clipper Varieties" in this issue.

YOUNG AMERICA, R. R. P. O.—1. From $150 to $300 per week. 2. From $50 to $150 per week.

C. W. B., Alton.—His World's Fair did, but not the Hippodrome.

R. F.—Read John Bogan's advertisement in this issue. The price is a matter of private agreement.

J. B., Erie.—We had already the same information in type, or had published it in a previous issue.

S. R., Providence.—Why did you not get route ahead of Maggie Mitchell and company?

W. H. L., Grand Rapids.—They range from $25 to $60 per week and exposures.

E. N. D., Providence.—The "mixture" will be administered to our next issue.

DECLINED—"I Am Lonely To-night." "Wild English," "Down Where the Bluebells Grow," "Solitude."

WINDSOR, Louisville.—The Louisville (Ky.) Theatre was destroyed by fire in the night of Oct. 12, 1866.

JUNEO, Sullivan.—As you state the case, that party loses who bet on A.

M. J. C., Philadelphia.—B was not required to play a heart.

N. L., Yazoo City.—All that the bettor could be required to show was enough dollars in possession at the time of the bet.

HIGH-LOW-JACK, Bellair.—Cutting is not compulsory in two-handed games.

INQUISITIVE MICK.—You will have to write to the railroad companies and to those business arrangements.

A PATRON AND READER.—See answer to "Subscriber, Baltimore," in CLIPPER dated Oct. 2.

CHARLIE IN Chicago, Buffalo.—Letters addressed to them in care of this office will reach them.

H. J., Titusville.—The two prizes go to the two shooters who killed eight birds each.

ENGINEER, Toronto.—A having made the trump, his partner could not play alone.

C. E., Boston.—2:20, by both Mambrino Gift and Smuggler.

H. W., Newark.—No answers by mail. That company is not in existence, having disbanded many months ago.

P. E. T., Bloomington.—It is against our rules to issue a fresh card until the old one is returned.

C. T. S. P.—Cannot undertake to give opinions as to the commercial standing of business men.

G. F. G., Richmond.—No answers by mail. We prefer not to give advice upon such matters.

W. W., Pawtucket.—1. Thanks; but we do not require it. 2. He is in Europe.

C. H.—See answer to "The Doctor, Washington," in this issue.

JOHN BULL.—Charles Dickens left this country for the last time on April 22, 1868.

H. AND M., Keokuk.—The man who first breasts the tape wins.

JAMES THOMSON, Carthage.—Harry Allen beat Tom Kelly, 36 rounds, one hour, in Yorkshire, Eng., Aug. 27, 1865.

C. D., Rondout, Fort Jervis is not in New Jersey, but in Orange County, N. Y.

H. F. C., St. Louis.—The score of the Hartfords having been 0 in the third game, and 3 in the last, you win.

TOM ALMARY, Baltimore.—A won the bet on time, but lost that on the result.

W. B. N., Shenandoah.—John C. Heenan was born at West Troy, N. Y.

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CASSINO.—A is wrong. B could make a second pile before taking in the first.

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MARCUS W. WALCOTT.—"In a recent game of cribbage, A played a four, B a seven, C an eight, B a six, and scores 3 points; A next plays a five and calls 5 points. The point in dispute is that A cannot claim a sequence of 5, because the sequence of three—7, 8, 6—being played, covers the 4 spot, and prevents A from counting it in the sequence of 5. Please decide."..... A is right.

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J. M. S., Reading.—"Two hands are playing pinochle. A holds the ace, ten and jack, and calls trump; but B says he need not follow suit (trump until all the cards are drawn. How is it?"..... B is right.

W. M. B., Ottawa.—The only billiard-player of that name known to us resides in this city. He is a fine cushion-player, and claims to be an amateur; but he is not "one of the best players in America."

J. M. C., Delta.—No matter what his score, a player who has not bursted or bobbered may back his hand. To rule otherwise would be to decide that there is no penalty for bursting.

E. B. A., Chicago.—There is no conflict whatever. But if you think that, if a person bets that one club will beat another by 10 runs to 6, the score must be just 10 runs to 9, you are seriously in error.

RUBE, Clinton.—1. A game can be called on the sixth inning. 2. No; the ground rules govern. 3. Don't understand your query. 4. The party leaving forfeits, unless a special agreement for them to leave its made.

G. B. M.—As Vauxhall Garden was opened about 1806, it is quite possible it extended to Broadway. We will endeavor to ascertain definitely, and let you know in our next issue.

J. A. W., Georgetown.—Kehoe's work on the subject, which you can obtain from Ed. James. See his advertisement for address.

W. J. H., Nashville.—It was a blunder in inserting the word. Balls are to be called in the order of their actual delivery, whether in succession or when strikes or fouls interfere with the consecutive order.

WYNDAL.—1 and 2. When we know who are engaged by the different clubs for next season, you will find the information in our baseball department. There is not any such nine likely to be in the area.

J., B. E., Augusta.—Unless there has been an agreement to the contrary, a partner at cassino cannot build or combine without having in his hand a card that will match the build or combination.

CURWOOD, Phila.—"Pinochle. A claims the game and mixes the cards, thinking he has 600. But A having only 300, B claims the game. Who is right? By inserting the whole of this, you will oblige."..... A loses the game.

SCHENECTADY.—We question if any judge would be found who would penalize a driver for balloting at his horse when trotting against Time. The rule is solely for them to construe and apply, however.

C. O. S., Lynn.—As the race took place in the same week, between Sunday and Sunday, the bet stands. Had the day been chanced, or the race postponed until any day in a different week, it would have been void.

PRESIDIUS, Hartford.—You will find the Fulton ferry the most convenient, and the Fulton-avenue cars will land you in front of the door. It is about a quarter of a mile from the ferry.

INCREDULOUS.—The front is composed of a single plate of glass. The sides of the tank are of glass, held together by iron, and the bottom is wood, covered with sheet-iron. It is about eight feet long by five high.

ALIXE.—1. Four instruments are enough, namely: first violin, second violin, viola and 'cello. 2. Yes. 3. No. 4. It depends upon their ability. 5. Either a full evening dress or character costume. 6. It is not necessary.

SAMUEL HOLSTON, Brooklyn.—1. Harry Lazarus enlisted in the original New York Fire Zouaves at the breaking out of the war, and was promoted to a captaincy. 2. We believe not.

W. S. R., Beaver Brook.—It was not a valid cut. D had to leave at least two cards on the table, and it was incumbent upon those who preceded him to see that there were uncut cards enough to permit D to do this.

K. W., Morrisburg.—The captain of the nine in which the injured player is in alone empowered to select his substitute. It is only in the case of substitutes in running bases that the opponents have anything to say.

DORE.—Dan Dalton, Darling is the owner, and he is one of the present proprietors of the Fifth-avenue Hotel, in this city.

H. S., Marietta.—"A, B and C are playing pitch; C deals; A has the sell, and goes out. Does B lose his sell, or C deal over?"..... C deals again.

KEKO, Indianapolis.—We would not advise you to waste your time over a machine of which you understand so little. We cannot spare the space to instruct you.

O. W. P. & Co., Huntingdon.—Twenty miles have been trotted inside of the hour on a half dozen times. We have not space for particulars. See THE CLIPPER ALMANAC.

A. R.—1. B could not build by combining the deuce on the board with an ace from his hand. 2. It is usually played that way.

W. AND F., Boston.—1. We know of no one in your city that deals in them. 2. About $3.25. 3. From $30 to $50 per week.

S. A., Milford.—We do not answer letters of inquiry by mail. He is performing in variety theatres. A letter addressed to him in care of this office will reach him.

AMBY, Yonkers.—Your letter according to the diagram submitted, B wins, as his coin has its centre nearer to the crack than is that of A.

PUZZLE READER.—1. Some performer would probably be willing to sell you some, or an advertisement would aid you in getting them. 2. It would be no detriment.

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WM. S. Spencer, Dayton.—1. The bet is a draw—made such by a special rule of the turf. 2. He is not obliged to return and retouch the base before going to second.

BROADWAY.—The umpire is sole judge in the case you refer to, as to its being too dark to play or not—not the captains.

FOUL-BALL.—1. A batsman making two foul strikes is to be declared out. See the rules. 2. There is no such rule; but we think there should be. 3. See the rules.

W. F. L., Montreal.—1. MS. means manuscript. 2. MSS., manuscripts. 3. "Silence is a negative" means that, if the person says nothing, he shall be held to have said "No."

ARCADE.—1. John Hatfield did not play at left-field with the Cincinnati Red Stockings in that year. 2. Charley Mills.

S. D. C., Richmond.—We think she is not performing at present. Address her in care of this office.

F. H., Keokuk.—From your statement of the case, the referee's decision is correct.

Y. P. M., Phila.—Capt. Bogardus killed one hundred birds in succession at Chicago, Ill.

INQUIRER, Cambridgeport.—Billy Edwards never fought Hicken.

C. J. P., Hennepin.—The challenged club goes to the challenging club's grounds.

J. R. M., Southington.—The umpire's decision was correct.

J. N., Calais.—There would be no premium on a coin of that date.

W. G. C. K., Buffalo.—See "Clipper Varieties" in this issue.

YOUNG AMERICA, R. R. P. O.—1. From $150 to $300 per week. 2. From $50 to $150 per week.

C. W. B., Alton.—His World's Fair did, but not the Hippodrome.

R. F.—Read John Bogan's advertisement in this issue. The price is a matter of private agreement.

J. B., Erie.—We had already the same information in type, or had published it in a previous issue.

S. R., Providence.—Why did you not get route ahead of Maggie Mitchell and company?

W. H. L., Grand Rapids.—They range from $25 to $60 per week and exposures.

E. N. D., Providence.—The "mixture" will be administered to our next issue.

DECLINED—"I Am Lonely To-night." "Wild English," "Down Where the Bluebells Grow," "Solitude."

WINDSOR, Louisville.—The Louisville (Ky.) Theatre was destroyed by fire in the night of Oct. 12, 1866.

JUNEO, Sullivan.—As you state the case, that party loses who bet on A.

M. J. C., Philadelphia.—B was not required to play a heart.

N. L., Yazoo City.—All that the bettor could be required to show was enough dollars in possession at the time of the bet.

HIGH-LOW-JACK, Bellair.—Cutting is not compulsory in two-handed games.

INQUISITIVE MICK.—You will have to write to the railroad companies and to those business arrangements.

A PATRON AND READER.—See answer to "Subscriber, Baltimore," in CLIPPER dated Oct. 2.

CHARLIE IN Chicago, Buffalo.—Letters addressed to them in care of this office will reach them.

H. J., Titusville.—The two prizes go to the two shooters who killed eight birds each.

ENGINEER, Toronto.—A having made the trump, his partner could not play alone.

C. E., Boston.—2:20, by both Mambrino Gift and Smuggler.

H. W., Newark.—No answers by mail. That company is not in existence, having disbanded many months ago.

P. E. T., Bloomington.—It is against our rules to issue a fresh card until the old one is returned.

C. T. S. P.—Cannot undertake to give opinions as to the commercial standing of business men.

G. F. G., Richmond.—No answers by mail. We prefer not to give advice upon such matters.

W. W., Pawtucket.—1. Thanks; but we do not require it. 2. He is in Europe.

C. H.—See answer to "The Doctor, Washington," in this issue.

JOHN BULL.—Charles Dickens left this country for the last time on April 22, 1868.

H. AND M., Keokuk.—The man who first breasts the tape wins.

JAMES THOMSON, Carthage.—Harry Allen beat Tom Kelly, 36 rounds, one hour, in Yorkshire, Eng., Aug. 27, 1865.

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THE TURF.

WEEKLY TROTTING RECORD.

Where the words "second money" accompany the name of a horse, the meaning is that that horse won second money without earning a record, and that his competitor won in three straight heats. Horses that win less than second money are n mentioned unless they have also earned a record in that particular race.

Riverdale (wag.)	Boston, Mass.	2:32, 2:50, 2:53	
Flag Ugly (harn.)	Oct. 2	Second.	
Pet	Boston, Mass.	2:58, 2:56½, 2:58½	
Belle	Sept. 30	Second money.	
Little Fred	Taunton, Mass.	2:46, 2:45, 2:42	
White Face	Sept. 30	2:46, 2:45	
Kate Dennis	Taunton, Mass.	2:45, 2:45	
Farmer Boy	Sept. 30	2:51, 2:50, 2:51	
Belle Oakley	Taunton, Mass.	Second money.	
Tom Pink	Sept. 30	2:38½, 2:38, 2:41	
Sunshine	Taunton, Mass.	2:41	
Lady Snell	Sept. 30	2:38½, 2:29, 2:29	
Unknown	Taunton, Mass.	2:31	
Geo. M. Patchen Jr.	Sept. 30	2:55½, 3:00, 3:00	
Don't Know	Keene, N. H.	March.	
Pet	Oct. 2	2:37½, 2:38½, 2:37	
Langdon		Second.	
Sir William Wallace	Keene, N. H.	2:34½, 2:36½, 2:38½	
Joe Ripley	Oct. 2	2:38½, 2:40½, 2:40½	
L. B. Fred	Keene, N. H.	2:42½	
H. Weston	Sept. 30	2:42½	
Naked Truth	Keene, N. H.	2:35½, 2:36½, 2:35½	
Sir Wm. Wallace	Sept. 30	2:35½	
Pet	Woodstock, Vt.	2:43, 2:44, 2:43	
Maggie	Sept. 30	Second money.	
Arctic Maid	Woodstock, Vt.	2:36, 2:44½, 2:50	
C. S. Clifford	Sept. 30	2:37	
Snowflake	Lowell, Mass.	2:45, 2:43, 2:48½	
Gen. Winthrop	Sept. 30	Second money.	
Spot	Concord, N. H.	2:57½, 3:01, 3:03	
Listener	Sept. 30	Second money.	
Leo	St. John, N. B.	2:50½, 2:49, 2:48	
King William	Oct. 2	2:48½	
Pioneer Billy		2:49	
Jeff		2:50½	
Shepherd Knapp	Gt. Falls, N. H.	2:45, 2:42, 2:43	
Flexible	Oct. 2	2:41, 2:41	
Charles R	Gt. Falls, N. H.	2:36½, 2:35½, 2:35½	
Ned Wallace	Oct. 2	2:36	
Young Rattler	Weymouth, Mass	2:43, 2:43, 2:45	
Farmer Boy	Oct. 2	Second money	
Little Gent	Weymouth, Mass	2:48½, 2:49, 2:45	
Lady Alice	Oct. 2	Second money	
Nellie	Keene, N. H.	2:40½, 2:33, 2:32½	
Materna	Oct. 2	2:32½	
Rosa B	Keene, N. H.	2:34, 2:34½, 2:34½	
Joe Ripley	Sept. 28	2:35½	
Jean Ingelow	Myricks, Mass	2:43, 2:46, 2:46½	
Rocky	Sept. 28	2:42	
Kate Dennis	Kenosha, Wis	2:43, 2:44½, 2:43	
Whalebone	Sept. 22	Second.	
Tony	Kenosha Wis	2:43, 2:45½, 2:45	
Minnie	Sept. 23	Second money	
Lady Gay	Kenosha, Wis	2:37, 2:36½, 2:40	
Phil Sheridan	Sept. 23	Second money	
Tony	Hudson, N Y	2:39, 2:40, 2:39½	
Corner Boy	Sept. 28	2:39	
Rosa Burch	Cambridge City	2:50, 2:50½, 2:51½	
Band Hill	Ind. Sept. 22	2:46	
Humming-bird	Burlington, Ia.	2:29, 2:29½, 2:28½	
Lady Stevens	Sept. 23	Second.	
Banner Boy	Great Falls, N.H.	2:45, 2:45, 2:46½	
Captain	Oct. 2	2:45	
Charles R	Prospect Park,	2:53½	
Lillie Mills	L. I. Sept. 28		
Little Gipsy	Cynthiana, Ky.	2:29, 2:31, 2:34½	
Tom Brown	Sept. 21	2:27½	
Capt. Jack	Cynthiana, Ky.	2:37½, 2:36½, 2:30½	
Tom Britton	Sept. 21	Second money	
Sciota Belle	Cynthiana, Ky.	2:29½, 2:35½, 2:34½	
Rosewood	Sept. 22	2:32½	
Dobie	Cynthiana, Ky.	2:29½, 2:30, 2:29½	
Alexander	Sept. 22	0:00	
Little Gipsy	Cynthiana, Ky.	2:30, 2:29½, 2:30½	
Sciota Belle	Sept. 23	0:00	
St. Lawrence	Cynthiana, Ky.	2:32½, 2:33½, 2:32½	
Ashland Kate	Sept. 23	Second money.	
Tom Britton	Cynthiana, Ky.	2:30½, 2:36, 2:34½	
Capt. Jack	Sept. 24	2:31½	
Allie West		2:25, 2:27	
Lady Lumber	Cynthiana, Ky.	2:35½, 2:34½, 2:36½	
Gum Ball	Sept. 24	2:37½, 2:34½, 2:32½	
Nellie Thorne	St. John, N. B.	2:47, 2:48, 2:46½	
Sunrise	Sept. 28	Second money.	
Baker Boy	St. John, N. B.	2:49, 2:46½, 2:48½	
Mattie	Sept. 28	2:49½	
Emily Boston	Elmira, N. Y.	2:40, 2:40½, 2:42	
Fillie	Sept. 25	2:42½	
Minnie W	Savannah, Ga.	3:07, 3:04, 3:05	
Maud	Sept. 24	3:04	
Queen	Batavia, N Y.	2:50½, 2:52½, 2:50½	
Damon	Sept. 23	Second money	
Jennie Bell	Batavia, N Y.	3:02, 3:04½, 3:02½	
Fork State	Sept. 23	Second money	
Caledonia Chief	Philadelphia	2:50, 2:50½, 2:50	
Ophir	Sept. 25	2:50½	
Mohawk	Philadelphia	3:08, 3:07, 3:01	
Scooter Belle	Newport, O.	3:00, 2:58	
Long John	Sept. 23	2:59½	
Belle M	Newport, O.	2:58½, 2:58½	
Joe Hooker	Sept. 23	2:53½, dist.	
Nina	Chester, Vt.	2:51½, 2:55, 2:54	
Chestnut Billy	Sept. 22	2:52	
Maggie	Chester, Vt.	2:53½, 2:48½, 2:47½	
Little Joker	Sept. 23	2:49, 2:55½	
Clifford	Chester, Vt.	2:43½, 2:43½, 2:46	
Lightkawk	Sept. 23	2:47½	
Gen. Winthrop	Portsmouth, N H.	2:35½, 2:46, 2:46	
Belle Holbrook	Sept. 21	Second money	
Eva	Portsmouth, N H.	2:44, 2:43½, 2:45	
Fanny D	Sept. 21	2:50	
John R	Portsmouth, N H.	2:50, 2:50, 2:50½	
Monarch Jr	Sept. 24	2:50½	
Marion	Portsmouth, N H.	2:47½	
Russell	Sept. 23	2:37, 2:38	
Iowa Maid	Sept. 22	Second money	
Susie Ross	Quincy, Ill.	2:37, 2:43½, 2:42½	
St. James	Sept. 23		
Bertie	Quincy, Ill.	2:48½, 2:39½, 2:36½	
Baker	Sept. 23	Second money.	
Amboy	Quincy, Ill.	2:37½, 2:39½, 2:40	
Lucifer	Sept. 21	2:43	
Jeff	Quincy, Ill.	2:35, 2:41, 2:45	
Jim	Sept. 24	Second money.	
Alpin Brown	Quincy, Ill.	2:37½, 2:35, 2:35½	
Bob Hunter	Sept. 24	2:37½, 2:35½	
Goldsmith Maid	Quincy, Ill.	2:28½, 2:31½, 2:31	
To beat 2:14	Sept. 24	Second money	
Col. E. D. Baker	Quincy, Ill.	2:41½, 2:30½, 2:36½	
Amboy	Sept. 23	Second money	
Florence	Keene, N. H.	2:38½, 2:45½, 2:41½	
Materna	Sept. 23	2:38½	
Rosa B	Keene, N. H.	2:42½, dist.	
Joe Ripley	Sept. 28	2:34, 2:34½, 2:34½	
Jean Ingelow	Myricks, Mass	2:35½	
Rocky	Sept. 28	2:43, 2:46, 2:46½	
Kate Dennis	Kenosha, Wis	2:42	
Whalebone	Sept. 22	2:43, 2:44½, 2:43	
Tony	Kenosha Wis	Second.	
Minnie	Sept. 23	2:43, 2:45½, 2:45	
Lady Gay	Kenosha, Wis	Second money	
Phil Sheridan	Sept. 23	2:37, 2:36½, 2:40	
Tony	Hudson, N Y	Second money	
Corner Boy	Sept. 28	2:39, 2:40, 2:39½	
Rosa Burch	Cambridge City	2:39	
Band Hill	Ind. Sept. 22	2:50, 2:50½, 2:51½	
Humming-bird	Burlington, Ia.	2:46	
Lady Stevens	Sept. 23	2:29, 2:29½, 2:28½	
Banner Boy	Great Falls, N.H.	Second.	
Captain	Oct. 2	2:45, 2:45, 2:46½	
Charles R	Prospect Park,	2:45	
Lillie Mills	L. I. Sept. 28	2:53½	

* First heat dead with Little Gipsy.
† Fourth heat dead with Lady Lamber.

NEWMARKET RACES.

The first October meeting at Newmarket, Eng., was held this week, and the cable furnishes the subjoined summaries of the two principal races:

SEPT. 28.—Great Eastern Railway Handicap, for three-year-olds and upwards, a sweepstake of 15sovs each, 10 ft, with 100 added by the Great Eastern Railway Company, and 100 by the Jockey Club; the second to receive 25 sovs; closed with seventy-nine subscribers; Bruchy Stakes course—ten furlongs.

Mr. Bassett's br. c. Courcleus, 3yrs. old, by Beadsman, 1
Sam Bas Bleu.....0

T. Jennings' b. f. Stumbler, 4yrs. old, by Orest, dam Farfalla (h. b.).....2
Lord Falmouth's br. f. Casselyon, 3yrs. old, by Lord Lyon, dam Hurricane.....3
Count F. De Lagrange's Bienheim, aged, by Oxford, dam Miss Living-ston.....0
Sir A. De Rothschild's b. c. Pedometer, 3yrs. old, by King Tom, dam Miss Peddie.....0

Fifteen horses started. Betting: 10 to 1 against Cœrulens, 16 to 1 against Stumbler, 25 to 1 against Cataclysm, and 5 to 1 each against Bienheim and Pedometer, the favorites.

OCT. 1.—Newmarket October Handicap, a sweepstakes for three-year-olds and upwards, at £15 each, £10 forfeit, with £200 added by the Jockey Club; the owner of the second to receive £25 out of the stakes; closed with sixty-seven subscribers; across the flat, a distance of one mile, two furlongs and seventy-three yards.

R. Howett's br. c. Munden, 4yrs. old, by Hanstead, dam Ambush.....1
Sir Joseph Astley's b. f. Lady of the Lake, 4yrs. old, by Broomielaw, dam Lady Hungerford.....2
M. de Casmonot la Force's b. f. Puysaleine, 4yrs. old, by Cagliostro (bred in France).....3
Count F. De Lagrange's c. f. Miss Toto, 4yrs. old, by Lord Clifden, dam Baroness, by Stockwell.....0

Twelve started. Betting: 7 to 1 against Munden, 10 to 1 against Lady of the Lake, 20 to 1 against Puysaleine, and 5 to 1 against the favorite, Miss Toto, who was last in the race.

JEROME PARK FALL RACE MEETING.

The Fall meeting of the American Jockey Club commenced on Saturday, Oct. 2. The day was fine, the attendance large and fashionable, comprising nearly all the magnates of the turf, and the track, although far from fast, was in better running order than might have been expected from the heavy rain on the previous night. The number of horses on the ground was larger than in any previous year at the Fall meeting; but, unfortunately, the prevalling epizootic disease had extended to Jerome Park, and scarcely a stable there had escaped its visitations. It was, however, of a mild type, and, although the horses were afflicted with constant coughing, it did not appear to impair their appetites or prevent them from taking the regular work necessary for their training preparation. As to the present time no fatal case from the complaint has been reported among the thoroughbreds.

THE THREE-QUARTER-MILE DASH

for a purse of $400, for all ages, was the opening race of the day and meeting. Beaten maidens were allowed, of four years old or less, 7lb; of five or more, 12lb. Nine horses entered and started: McDaniel's Mattie A., G. Lorillard's Leander, McLaughlin's Fleetwood, Thompson's Emma, Graham & Post's L. L., Langstaff's Rhadamanthus, F. Lorillard's Springlet, Withers' Tattoo, and Grinstead's Gillyflower. The three last-named horses claimed the weight allowances for beaten horses. Mattie A., Leander and Rhadamanthus carried the bulk of the money bet on the race at the subjoined rates:

Mattie A	$300	$250	$170	$500	$300
Rhadamanthus	125	105	75	220	135
Leander	100	80	75	210	125
Gillyflower	—	30	—	40	35
Springlet	35	—	25	—	—
Tattoo, Emma, L. L., Fleetwood	Field	65	50	55	200	65

After a couple of false starts, the flag fell to a straggling send-off, Springlet leading, F. Lorillard's colors conspicuously in front, closely attended by Emma, Tattoo, and Leander, while behind them came Mattie A., Fleetwood and Gillyflower, with Rhadamanthus and L. L. several lengths behind, they getting away badly. Springlet made the pace a hot one around the bluff, Emma and Tattoo right at her quarters, with the favorite at the head of the second division, and pulling double. After passing the ballmile pole Emma fell back beaten, and Mattie A., with Leander at her saddle-girths, passing Tattoo, became second and third, Springlet led around the lower turn and into the homestretch, having the favorite and Rhadamanthus, who had run through his horses gradually, as her two next attendants When fairly into the straight stretch, Clark gave Mattie A. her head, and, challenging Springlet at the furlong-pole, she raced with her a few strides, quitted her with apparent ease, and won cleverly by two lengths in 1:15¼; a very quiet second, by a length, was Rhadamanthus, who, considering the ground he lost at the start, ran faster than any other in the race Leander finished fourth, Gillyflower fifth, Tattoo sixth, Emma seventh, Fleetwood eighth, and L. L. last, a position he had occupied throughout the race.

THE JEROME STAKES,

the most important race of the day, came next. The race was for three-year-olds exclusively, $100 entrance, half forfeit, with $1,500 added; the second horse to receive $300 out of the stakes; two miles. Of the forty-six nominations eight came to the post, making the value of the stake $4,200. These were McGrath's Calvin and Aristides, Harney's Ozark, O'Donnell's Milner, McDaniel's Joe Cerna, Chamberlain's Tom Ochiltree, Reed's Rambler, Chandler's Viator. Both Calvin and Aristides exhibited the perfection of racing condition. Milner looked well. Ozark had the distemper, Viator, Rambler and Joe Cerna have been suffering from it, and had pulled up lame a few mornings before, and his starting was doubtful to the last moment. In the pools McGrath's entries sold favorite at the following rates:

Milner	$175	$400
McGrath	160	550
Harney	140	300
Clabaugh	75	200
Field	90	255
	1,100	500
	750	305
	200	225
	610	170
	1,100	500

The horses were all together when the flag fell, Viator being the first to show in front, lapped by Joe Cerna and Aristides, and the rest in a ruck behind. Going around the turn, Ozark took up the running, closely attended by Joe Cerna, Calvin and Aristides, Viator close upon them, with Rambler, Harney and Tom Ochiltree strung out behind. They ran without change of positions around the bluff; but on the lower turn Calvin and Viator took second and third places, Rambler becoming fourth, Aristides fifth and Milner sixth, Joe Cerna falling back to seventh place. In these respective positions the horses passed the judges' stand on the first mile, run in 1:51. On the upper turn, Calvin deprived Ozark of the lead, and at the quarter-pole had opened a gap of two lengths, which he held as the horses disappeared from view behind the club-house bluff. When they again came in sight, Calvin was leading by half a length, with his stable-companion Aristides second, as far before Ozark; Joe Cerna next, some two lengths before the next lot, headed by Milner; Viator, whose doubtful health was given as the reason for his poor running, being sixth, and behind even him on the turn, Rambler. So strongly were the two colts of McGrath's running that it was plain one of the two would win, bar accident, it being the intention of the stable to win with Aristides, if possible. After entering the homestretch, Clark brought up Joe Cerna with a strong and well-sustained rush, but he could not overhaul the two leaders, the order of Calvin obeying his instructions and pulling up so as to allow Aristides to pass him at the furlong-pole, the pair galloping home well in hand, with Aristides the winner by half a length, and Calvin beating Joe Cerna a length for second money. Ozark was fourth, Milner, who seemed unable to run in any part of the race, fifth. Tom Ochiltree sixth, Rambler seventh, and Viator, who pulled up dead lame, last. Time, 3:43, which was slow, considering the high class of contestants.

WINNERS OF THE JEROME STAKES.

Winner.	Sire.	Sub.	Starters.	Time.
1866 E. A. Alexander's Watson	Lexington	29	4	1:48¾ 1:48
1867. R. Underwood's Metallist	Star Davis	13	5	1:49¼ 1:46¾
1868. McConnell & Co.'s Bayonet	Lexington	27	5	1:48¼ 1:45¼
1869. A. Belmont's imp. Glenelg*	Citadel	38	6	1:48¾ 1:48¼
1870. A. Belmont's Kingfisher	Lexington	49	6	1:49 1:49
1871. J. McDaniel's Harry Bassett†	Lexington	77	6	..... 3:54¾
1872. D. McDaniel's Joe Daniels	Australian	61	4	..... 3:49¼
1873. H. P. McGrath's Tom Bowling	Lexington	70	5	..... ‡
1874 Sears' Acrobat	Lexington	52	7	..... 3:37¾
1875. McGrath's Aristides	Leamington	46	8	..... 3:43

* First heat won by Furdy & Withers' Vespucius, in 1.48¾.
† Raised from mile-heats to a dash of two miles.
‡ Not officially timed—said to have been run in 3.40.

THE NURSERY STAKES,

for two-year-olds, was the third race; the entrance money being $100 each, half forfeit, with $1,000 added, of which $200 went to the second horse; one mile dash. There were thirty-nine nominations and seven runners, which made the stake worth $3,280. The starters were F. Lorillard's Merciless and Cyril, G. Lorillard's Ambush and Sunburst, A. Belmont's Patience and Dauntless, and Harney's Fredericktown. The prestige of F. Lorillard's stable for fast two-year-o'ds was such that his entries sold, at odds against the field, at the subjoined rates:

F. Lorillard	$650	$500	$1,000 $850
The field	460	400	450 720 540

All got off well except Fredericktown, who lost so much ground on the turn that he was last off. Ambush took the lead, followed by Merciless and Dauntless, who at the turn passed Ambush, and raced together at a clipping pace, Patience joining company with them opposite the stables. At the quarter, Merciless led in the Belmont pair were abreast and clear of the others, and they raced together round the clubhouse bluff and into the lower stretch. Here McCarthy brought Merciless to the front with a brilliant rush, headed the leaders, and continued in front until well into the straightstretch, where Merciless was beaten and fell back. The issue was now left to Sunburst and the Belmont pair, and after a desperate race, the three running head-and-head for nearly an eighth of a mile, the good horsemanship of the jockey landed Patience a winner by a short head only from Sunburst, with Dauntless by the same; Merciless two lengths behind, Fredericktown fifth, Cyril sixth, and Ambush last. Time, 1:49. The winner is an imported filly by Australian, sire of the Derby winner Cremorne; dam of Patronage, a daughter of Cremorne's dam Rigolboche. She is very small in size, being only 14¾ hands in height, but possesses great speed, and can evidently stay well. Her sire, She is heavily engaged in the three-year-old stakes for next season.

THE MANHATTAN HANDICAP,

the fourth event on the card, was a sweepstakes of $50 each, half forfeit, $10 if declared out, with $500 added; the second to receive $200 out of the stakes. The distance was one mile and a quarter, and seven horses started, making the value of the stake $1,015. These were Calvin, 3yrs., 100lb; Madge, 4yrs., 112lb; Vanderbilt, 4yrs., 102lb; Willie Burke, 3yrs., 94lb; Woodfield, 4yrs., 98lb; Vassal, 3yrs., 90lbs, and Piccolo, 4yrs, 95lb. Pools sold as under:

Calvin	$175	$450	$750	$1,000 $800
Vassal	60	120	210	260 190
McDaniel	120	400	600	800 600
Piccolo	40	85	135	155 100
Vanderbilt	50	90	135	120 65
Woodfield	15	40	50	60 50

After Woodfield and Vassal had delayed the start, the flag fell to a fair send-off, with Willie Burke, Madge, Vanderbilt and Calvin in the front rank. Passing the stand, Piccolo became second to Willie Burke, closely attended by Calvin and Vassal, with Madge and Vanderbilt next them. Around the turn, the horses took closer positions, and Vassal took sides with Willie Burke at the quarter-pole, Calvin, Madge and Piccolo just at their heels. Going round the bluff, Calvin gradually lorged to the front, when he was seen to suddenly fall back, and Willie Burke again assumed the lead, with Vassal and Piccolo next him. The three horses raced together up the homestretch, and after a close finish Evans landed Piccolo a winner by a length from Willie Burke; Woodfield third and Vassal fourth. Time, 2:14¾. Great popularity was expressed as to the non-appearance of the favorite, Calvin; but at length he was seen limping up the homestretch, led by his jockey, Swim. His near hind leg, just below the pastern, was cut almost to the bone and bleeding profusely. Dr. Catanach was on the spot, and promptly dressed the wound, which, as it had nearly severed the tendon, ruins the colt forever for racing. Swim made a complaint to the judges that Monroe Johnson, the rider of Madge, had cut Calvin down by striking into him. The judges gave Piccolo the race, disqualified Willie Burke from second place because of the foul riding of his stable-companion Madge's jockey, and gave Woodfield and Vassal second and third positions in the race. They also announced the following decision: "Monroe Johnson, rider of Madge, having by careless riding cut down Calvin in the Manhattan Handicap, is suspended from riding for the rest of the meeting. In the absence of proof of intentional foul riding, no higher punishment is inflicted." It was the belief of many of the spectators that it was the rider of Willie Burke, and not of Madge, who was to blame for cutting down Calvin, as the former colt was close up with Calvin at the time the injury was done.

THE SELLING RACE,

for a purse of $400, one mile and an eighth, with allowance on weight according to entered selling price, was the last race of the day. Seven out of the nine entered came to the post: Caroline, 85lb; Vim, 103lb; Fleetwood, 94lb; Lucy Lay, 93lb; Leander, 85lb; Belle B., 103lb; and Lutetia, 91lb. Caroline was the favorite, selling for $600; Leander, $400; Josie B., $210; Fleetwood, $100; Gray Lag, $100; Lutetia, $90; Belle B., $51; Vim, $31. Josie B. and Leander got off in the running from the fall of the flag, and were never headed, the former winning easily by six lengths in 2:01¾. Leander two lengths before Caroline, the rest beaten off. The winner was put up at auction, but, there being no advance on her entered selling price, $1,000, she returned to her stable.

DEATH OF AMERICAN GIRL.

This famous trotting mare died suddenly on Saturday afternoon, Oct. 2, on the Elmira, N. Y., Driving Park Course. She was trotting in the free-for-all purse of $2,500, driven by John L. Doty, and appeared at the start to be in very fine condition. The horses were scored a number of times before they got the word. The Girl, at the first turn, was nicely placed. At this point her driver noticed that she seemed to be giving out, and let her head loose. She kept staggering for an eighth of a mile, and as the quarter-pole fell, and died instantly, without a struggle. She fell very easily, with her shoulder against the fence. The incident excited a great deal of sympathy, as the mare was a great favorite, and had been the chief attraction of the meeting. The Elmira Driving Park Association proposes, should the money on hand warrant, to erect a suitable monument to the memory of American Girl. There was no insurance on the mare, who was owned by Mr. William Lovell, of this city.

American Girl was bred in Westchester County, N. Y., in 1863, by Mr. Philip Travis, and was by Amos' Cassius M. Clay Jr., out of a mare whose pedigree was unknown. She was sold at five years old to Mr. Odell, who first intended her at Newburg, and then sold her to Messrs. Travis & Mason, brickmakers of Verplanck's Point, near Peekskill. These parties had business transactions with Mr. John Nesbitt, the owner of the trotting horse John J. Bradley, and in the Fall of 1867 two matches were made between him and the young mare, who had not then received her name of American Girl. In one of these she had to pull a wagon, while he went in harness. The first race was trotted on the Fashion Course Nov. 15, 1867, and five heats were required to decide it. The mare, who even then had a sprained leg, won the first heat in 2:33¾, the fastest time in the race. Bradley won the second in 2:33½; the third was a dead heat in 2:36; and Mr. Bradley won the fourth and fifth in 2:37¼, 2:36¾. Every heat was closely contested, and the second race was looked upon as a certainty for the young mare, who had now to go on even terms with her opponent. The owner of the latter, however, paid forfeit, and Mr. W. Lovell, a sporting man of this city, purchased the mare for $7,000, and gave her the name of American Girl. In her first race in his hands, on June 4, 1868, she beat Goldsmith Maid at Poughkeepsie in a race of six heats, two of which were won by the latter; one was a dead heat, and American Girl won the other three, her fastest time being 2:28. The same year she beat Goldsmith Maid on the Union Course, L. I., in a race of six heats, bringing her record down to 2:25. In the fall of the same year, Oct. 27, 1868, on the Fashion Course, L. I., she beat Rhode Island and George Wilkes, and lowered her time to 2:24. The year 1869 she commenced, unfortunately, for in a new trainer's hands (Peter Manee) Lady Thorn beat her twice on the Union Course, and Lucy once on the Fashion Course. A change of trainers ensued, and M. Roden handled the mare, and in his first race with her at Prospect Park Course, L. I., she beat Goldsmith Maid, Lucy, Bashaw Jr., Rhode Island and George Wilkes in three straight heats: time, 2:23½, 2:23¼, 2:21. Continuing her career of success, she beat Lucy and Goldsmith Maid in three straight heats on the Union Course, L.I. The week after she defeated Goldsmith Maid and Bashaw Jr. at Boston, and then the following week beat the Maid, Lucy and George Palmer. The next week, June 18, 1869, she beat Lady Thorn, Goldsmith Maid, Lucy and Geo. Palmer in three heats, the second of which was in 2:19. From this time her career had been one of checkered success, she continually varying in her condition. In 1871, on June 8, she reduced her record to 2:20, in a race at Prospect Park Course, L. I., against Goldsmith Maid, Lucy and George Palmer. In July, 1872, at Fleetwood Park, against Goldsmith Maid, Henry and Lucy to 2:19¾, which still remains the fastest ever made on this track; and in a match race with Lucy she still further reduced it to 2:17½. In 1874, she made her fastest time at Island Park Course, Albany, against the deceased Camors, when she placed 2:16¾ upon her time record. Her owner refused $20,000 for her before the sad accident to her death, and an offer of $25,000 for her the week previously had not been entertained. She was a bright bay in color, stood 15.3 hands, and stood full sixteen hands in height. The cause of her death is said to have been congestion of the lungs, indirectly due to a slight attack of the epizootic, from which, it was thought, she had fully recovered.

THE HORSE JACK, belonging to J. Hawkins of Walsall, Eng., in a match to trot, under saddle, eighteen miles in one hour—nine miles out and back on a turnpike—Sept. 11, accomplished the task in 59min. 35sec. Andy McMann rode him.

TRIGGER.

NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION.

The third annual prize meeting of this Association was held at Creedmoor, L. I., during the past week, and, though the number of contestants in the various competitions was not quite as large as on the two previous occasions, it was numerous and skillful enough to make the affair successful, and the different events interesting to those whose tastes run in this direction. The weather was generally favorable for shooting, and the assemblage of spectators was quite large upon each day. The results of the several contests are herewith briefly reported:

FIRST DAY—TUESDAY, SEPT. 28.

JUDD MATCH.—Open to all members of the Association; distance, 200 yards; standing; any military rifle; seven scoring shots; highest possible score, 35; twenty prizes, valued at $183; entrance, $1; number of competitors, 146. Numbers 1 to 20 inclusive, 21 to 40 inclusive, were in rotation as follows: James Mason, 30; W. Robertson, 30; E. S. Brown, 30; F. H. Holton, 29; J. A. Gee, 29; W. Simmonson, 29; Sergt. Bates, 29; Sergt. Daniel Keeler, 28; J. R. Frothingham, 28; U. Smith, 28; W. J. Oliver, 28; G. H. Petit, 28; T. J. Dohan, 28; W. R. Vail, 28; H. H. Meday, 28; T. Duke, 28; E. H. Sanford, 27; A. Smith, 27; Lieut. Col. Corey Sanford, 27; Lieut. Col. Lindley, 40; Lieut. Col. Bouttillier, 40; Sergt. Deyo, 40; Lieut. Hofele, 40; Capt. Coleman, 40; Sergt. Oliver, 40; Lieut. Edmondston, 40.

LAFLIN MATCH.—Open to members of the Army and Navy and of the National Guard from all States, and to members of the N. R. A. and the A. R. C., excepting only those gentlemen who were members of the team that shot the international match last year, or the team that shot this year in Ireland; weapon, breech-loading military rifles only, excluding the special model; ammunition not to exceed 70 grains of powder, or such as will give a 440 grains lead; distances, 200 and 500 yards, ten shots at each range; position, standing at 200, and any at 500; prizes, three medals—gold, silver and bronze—presented by the firm of Laflin & Rand of this city; highest possible score, 100. Winners: W. S. Oliver, 86; W. A. French, 84; W. C. Clark, 82.

ARMY AND NAVY MATCH.—Open to teams of twelve from all regularly organized military organizations in the United States, including the regular army and navy and the marine corps; weapon, any military rifle; distance, 500 yards; seven rounds; highest possible individual score, 35; team, 420; position, any; entrance, $1; three teams and seventeen individual prizes. The following competing teams, 10. Second Connecticut Regiment, 306; Twenty-third N. Y., 344; Forty-eighth, 302; Seventh, 300; Twelfth, 298; Twenty-second, 292; First Connecticut, 275; Seventy-ninth N. Y., 273; Forty-seventh, 261; United States Engineers, 255; Seventy-first N. Y., 252; Eighth, 245; Thirty-second, 237; Ninth, 224; United States Infantry, 135. Individual winners' scores: Captain Carlton, 32; Colonel Allen, 32; Corp. Laburnes, 32; Sergt. Barrett, 32; Private Robertson, 32; Sergt. Burton, 31; Private Jones, 31; Sergt. Leaycroft, 31; Sergt. Smith, 31; Adjt. Mitchell, 31; Sergt. Jr., 31; Private Barlow, 30; Capt. Clark, 30; Sergt. Beauman, 30; Corp. Buffum, 30; Sergt. Jacobs, 30; Major Beavan 29.

INTERSTATE MATCH.—Open to teams of twelve from any State or territory in the Union, according to the old 6.0 yards; position, standing at 200, kneeling at 400, and any at 600; ten rounds at each range; weapon, the authorized military arm now in use by the troops of the respective States; two team and four individual prizes; competing teams two. At the close of firing at 400 yards, the New York team led the Connecticut men 180 points, and as there was plainly no chance for the latter to overcome the lead, they conceded that the contest be considered at an end without shooting at 600 yards. This was done, leaving the New Yorkers the victors by the aggregate score of New York, 440, 418—863; Connecticut, 375, 308—683. The winning team, with their respective scores, were: Corp. Davis, 84; Private Pyle, 79; Private Robertson, 79; Capt. Briggs, 78; Sergt. Beauman, 9th; Private Gardner, 7th; Private Cooperthwait 23d; Capt. Reddy, 12th; Corp. Sanford, 7th; Lieut. Waydell, 33d; Adjt. Frothingham, 23d; Sergt. Jacobs, 22d.

THE LAFLIN MATCH.—Open to bona-fide members of the army regiment or battalion of the N. G. S. N. Y.; weapon, Remington State military rifle; distance, 500 yards, seven rounds; highest possible score per man, 35; per team, 420; entrance, $1; three team and seventeen individual prizes. Winning teams' scores: Twenty-second Regiment, 317; Seventy-ninth, 317; Twelfth, 309; Seventh, 309. The ties were decided by the number of misses made, the Seventyninth and Seventh making five each, while the other teams made but three apiece. Winning individual scores: H. B. Smith, 33; G. Williams, 32; L. W. Green, 32; J. S. Bourton, 32; E. A. Perry, 31; W. Robertson, 31; A. Pyle, 31; W. Stevenson, 31; F. H. Holton, 31; J. L. Price, 31; W. Boorman, 30; W. A. French, 30; C. A. Barton, 30; Lieut. Edmundston, 30; E. W. Sanford, 30; E. Purple, 30; J. Munginger, 30.

THE PRESS MATCH.—Open to bona-fide representative employes of any newspaper or periodical; weapon, any rifle; distance, 200 yards; standing; any military rifle; seven scoring shots; highest possible score, 35; twenty prizes, valued at $183; entrance, $1; number of competitors, 146. Numbers 1 to 20 inclusive, 21 to 40 inclusive, were in rotation as follows: James Mason, 30; W. Robertson, 30; E. S. Brown, 30; F. H. Holton, 29; J. A. Gee, 29; W. Simmonson, 29; Sergt. Bates, 29; Sergt. Daniel Keeler, 28; J. R. Frothingham, 28; U. Smith, 28; W. J. Oliver, 28; G. H. Petit, 28; T. J. Dohan, 28; W. R. Vail, 28; H. H. Meday, 28; T. Duke, 28; E. H. Sanford, 27; A. Smith, 27; Lieut. Col. Corey Sanford, 27; Lieut. Col. Lindley, 40; Lieut. Col. Bouttillier, 40; Sergt. Deyo, 40; Lieut. Hofele, 40; Capt. Coleman, 40; Sergt. Oliver, 40; Lieut. Edmondston, 40.

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COLDSMITH MAID, THE "QUEEN OF THE TURF."

DEDICATED TO HER DRIVER, BUDD DOBLE.

Look well to thy laurels, old "Queen of the Turf,"
For a rival is now all the rage,
Who is striving to win the great name thou hast earned,
And she has no respect for old age.
Young Lexington's close on thy heels; so be sharp,
And make *her* a life efforts to win—
Create a *sensation* by distancing her
In the *wonderful* time of 2:16.

Thou hast forced Daddy Time to hang up his scythe,
And ten thousand throats yelled themselves *hoarse* when you passed the *grand stand* at a 2:14 gait
Last year on the famed Mystic Course.
Thy praises were rung through the *whole commonwealth*,
And we thank thee for what thou hast done;
Many shekels we're *netted* by thy good, honest *ways*,
And they *weighed* we should *judge full-a-ton*.

Thou hast such *dexter-ous* ways of throwing thy feet,
We are *hopeful* by some worthy sire
Thou will leave us an offspring as fleet as thou art,
Who will always be first 'mid the wire.
We know that "old age" is beginning to tell,
And you soon must retire, we're afraid;
But *stride-among* and *four-naught* in the races to come,
And, above all, *don't die an old maid*.

CHARLEY RUSSELL.

Liverpool, Eng., Sept. 4, 1875.

MARCEL;
OR,
"TEARS! IDLE TEARS."
(The Play is Also Called "Awaking" in Another English Version.)

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF MM. JULES SANDEAU AND A. DECOURCELLE,
BY HENRY L. WILLIAMS.

The complications of intense civilization seem to lessen the number of friendships so common in ancient annals between men; yet for a modern pendant to the fraternal loves of David and Jonathan, Alexander and Clitus, all the Siamese-like twins of mythology, and the Hamlets and Horatios of fiction's pages, the devotion of Marcel Duvernay to Count Gaston De Valgrand would be worthy of citation. At school they had been playmates; at college, fellow-students; in manhood, friends.

Each of their estates was the other's boundary, and a limit more often crossed than that of a debatable district between two warring powers.

No difference arose even when the Count married. His wife and he were equally wealthy, and it was a love-match at which no friend could have taken umbrage.

Duvernay associated his riches with them in doing good, and vied with them to make such charitable acts seem no favor to those whom they benefited.

When his friend's union was blessed with a boy, Duvernay rejoiced almost as greatly as the parents; when the child could speak, it was the friend's name which was earliest pronounced.

If for a day the infant could be borrowed from the mother, it was from Duvernay's that at nightfall he was brought home.

Again, about five years before our story opens, on the morrow of his little boy's birthday, the Count went over to dine at his friend's house.

The Countess had always objected to her husband's indulgence in field sports. Whenever she saw him handle a gun, she turned pale and shuddered. Every day in the hunting season she entreated him to give such perils a speedy good-bye. To make this duty especially the last one, such risks, she thought a warning of coming terrors impelled her, she had so urgently implored, that he had promised to forego such pastime forever. All he asked was to meet the hunting party on the return, at Duvernay's. He drove over there, we repeat, with the hope of the family, little Marcel, named after the associate of a lifetime.

The child was the delight of the party; no one could be a livelier merry-maker; the table was in one roar of laughter at his sayings and those acts of mimicry which are so frequently remarkable in children.

When they all went out on the lawn to smoke, a few clouds had risen to darken the close of the brilliant day. The swallows flew low, and an idle hand here or there amused himself with a light fowling-piece in popping at the birds. In an evil hour—forgetting his pledge never to take up fire-arms again—the Count let a gun be passed to him, and leveled at the twitterers. The cry of pain which resulted told that fatal shot was not confined to a bird. It was a little child's, who fell dying, its innocent glee changed to mortal anguish by a father's hand.

That father, in a paroxysm of fury and despair, snatched at another gun—a loaded one—and but for the herculean resistance of Duvernay a suicide would have completed the tragedy.

At the end of the struggle he fell exhausted, bereft of sense. When he came to consciousness he was a madman.

None but the heart-broken friend could be the bearer of this news to the unhappy wife. He broke it to her with exquisite art, for nothing saved her reason in the future, but the ingenious plea that the offering of grief would also end the life of the only heir possible to her husband's name.

He was right, for, not three months afterwards, a second little Marcel opened his eyes in the world.

In that interval his father had grown worse, not better. The only chance of saving him was removal from familiar scenes. Duvernay again sacrificed himself. He went away with him, and never left his side for one single day. In all the time he never had the consolation of one spark of hope. Through all, his friend's reason remained continually banished.

Four years had passed, in which the Count had grown less agitated. He spoke sensibly on various topics, but his fixed belief was that his wife, making him wholly responsible for the fatality, hated him to the utmost point.

And yet Duvernay had read him all her letters, in which an abundance of affectionate sentences proved that she had never loved him better than since he was so miserable, and that she was ready to lay down her life to restore him to his old home. But this did not induce him to think she would ever forgive him, or that, in token of her implacable resentment, she had not sent the officers of justice on his track. Thence his continual journeys and abrupt departures from town after town.

All that Henriette De Valgrand could bestow on Marcel Duvernay for this dreadful existence was commiseration for his long hours in exile with a thankless, unappreciative lunatic—commiseration and constant blessings in her prayers.

At his age he should be spending swift and mirthful hours among his friends.

He was not the best or strongest of men, and more than once he had faltered in his task, and would have relinquished it altogether but for the grateful letters of the wife, which renewed his courage.

Her tears tempered that courage as the ice-brook hardens the sward.

At last, at last, a gleam of joy was transmitted from the sorrowing home. The second child had grown up so like his brother that the portrait of the one seemed painted from the other.

When the news had been imparted to Duvernay, a germ of hope sprang to life within him. In time it took shape, and, calling the family physician into confidence, the three—the wife and the two friends of her husband—evolved a scheme.

All know that a brain unhinged by a sudden, terrible shock, may be restored by a similar convulsion. Such was the attempt, where all other known means had failed, was accepted by the doctor.

Whilst Duvernay, with the profusion of mystery which harmonized with the Count's craze, conducted his friend by irregular stages, in the night, at haphazard, back to the home which for years had known him as the wife and the doctor prepared everything on their side.

It was after twelve, one night, when the carriage containing the Count and his amateur keeper rolled cautiously up to the side-entrance of the Valgrand manor-house.

All the blinds were closed; no light appeared except a veiled one or two in the passage, and not a soul was visible in or about.

Valgrand approved these precautions of his friends, who explained how desirous he was of attracting no neighbor's eyes. For neighbors would naturally be on the alert to view newcomers taking possession of a property they had lately bought. For Duvernay pretended that he had at last purchased an old chateau in a remote region for his companion's safer refuge.

Groping his way through the passages, the Count de Valgrand warily followed his friend into the parlor. In the doorway he paused, glanced nervously about him, and stared at the pictures reflected in the worn but still handsome face, and wearied though yet young figure. Duvernay closed the door quietly, but even that faint sound and innocent act made the other start.

"To-morrow," said Duvernay, "we can arrange about our room. Just for the night, old fellow, you know, I have had a bed made in the back parlor for you. That's the door. It looks out on the park—quite a wilderness, where no one comes. Won't you have a look at it?"

But the Count shrank back distrustfully. The room was dimly lighted by one candle, and their entrance had set its flame a-dickering. The unsteady outlines of the various objects of furniture, at that still hour, were not calming to a disordered intellect.

The gilt letters on the books gleamed fitfully; the statuettes seemed to totter; the busts in marble nodded to one another; and the newspapers, idly cast about, softly waved like ghostly banners.

The Count sighed heavily, and sank upon a sofa with an air of weariness. Their recent days of ceaseless journeying, and at unusual hours, had confused his brain.

"I shall take a nap here," muttered he sullenly.

"Very well," acquiesced the other, perfectly familiar with his words. "Then you may as well remain dressed; for, in case of alarm, you know ——"

"Yes, yes; you are right!"

"Though I don't dread anything of that kind here," said Duvernay quickly. "I am not at all drowsy, and I mean to sit up till morning."

He took an arm-chair and settled himself down comfortably, as if for the night.

The Count stared at him suspiciously for a moment; but as his friend apparently paid no further attention to him, he turned his thoughts on the room. But he was thoroughly fatigued, and after some minutes' silence he dropped off into sleep, broken at first by many a start and twitch of the facial muscles, but finally as placid as a child's. Even then Duvernay feared to move, and he did not trust to the appearance of soundness in that slumber until he had tested it by calling on the other by name. Then he rose and opened the door.

A lady and an old silver-haired gentleman in black came in upon tiptoe. It was the Countess, whose friendly air of melancholy could not rob her entirely of her beauty; she must have been remarkably lovely in her youth, and one could comprehend the agony of the husband under the dread that the aversion of such a woman had replaced her priceless love.

The doctor had seen so many exhibitions of poignant emotion in his time that he was now the least affected of the three.

Their hope seemed very, very fragile, at this moment. If their expectations should not be realized, their beloved one would be lost to them forevermore.

"How pale he is!" said the wife, with tears streaming from her eyes. "How changed!"

"Come, Count," whispered the doctor; "no weakness for the next half hour. What a fine fellow you are, Duvernay! Keep up your heart a little while longer, and we'll weather the storm."

Like a stage-manager placing his actors to the best advantage, he directed the Countess to take a seat on a footstool beside the sofa on which her husband lay.

As for Duvernay, the old butler, having brought him the change of clothes some time in readiness, he passed into the other room and put off the traveling dress, which was too familiar to his companion, for the memory of De Valgrand was not impaired—unfortunately, perhaps, for the happy ending of their scheme.

The butler, returning, pulled up the blinds and opened the outer shutters, so that the morning light streamed freely into the parlor. Then he took the candle and left the room, with a long look of thankfulness that he had seen his dear master once more, and of trust that Heaven would bless the wife and mother in her desperate plan.

When the light fell so suddenly and strongly on his eyes, the sleeper had muttered some complaint, but only turned and rolled over so that his back was to the eastern windows. For some minutes it seemed as if his sleep would continue no less deep than before. But presently the sunlight burst in and hit up the room like the reflections of a conflagration.

He awoke.

He drew one or two heavy inspirations, still with closed eyes, and spoke some indistinct sentences before opening them.

Then, looking around, his astonished expression revealed that he, in some degree, remembered the room.

Then he perceived the doctor, but not his wife, who was sitting below the level of his eyes, and who, besides, stooped over her needlework to conceal her agitated features.

The doctor was leaning back in his chair, pretending to read a newspaper. Suddenly he affected to remark the awakening of the Count.

"Well, my dear boy," said he cheerily, "you seem to be better this morning."

"Doctor Favre!" ejaculated Valgrand.

"It has been a narrow escape, too," added the doctor.

"And all our thanks are due to you," said the Countess, her voice falling on her husband's ear for the first time in fifty months.

"My wife!" exclaimed De Valgrand with rolling eyes.

"Oh, no, my lady," replied Dr. Favre. "His lordship has been his own remedy. And small blame to him, when he has so many excellent reasons for prolonging his life."

The Countess drew the footstool nearer the head of the sofa, and leant her arm on the edge of it, so that her long curls brushed her husband's tremulous hands.

"Darling," said she, with her deep emotion in no way unsuitable to her words, "you can't think how greatly we have been alarmed about you. Why, you wouldn't recognize me. I think that your dear Henriette was repulsed by you. But you know me now, don't you? I love you, dear, and come to life again with you."

One could see the brow of the Count contract under the weight of a train of thought. He looked fiercely at his wife, and she had to summon up all her strength to meet his awful gaze.

At that moment a cry—a childish cry—"Mamma! where's my mamma?" resounded in the passage, and the Count rose on one elbow, stupefied with amazement.

The doctor sprang to the door.

"Impossible, impossible!" exclaimed the Count.

"What, dear?" said his wife, pretending to misunderstand him. "Won't you see your little boy? It's Marcel."

The doctor flung open the door, and there came hurriedly in a little boy in a black velvet Velasquez suit, exactly as in the portrait which had dwelt in the father's memory through all his misery.

The Countess hastened to take his hand and bring him up to the sofa.

"Good-morning, papa!" said the little one, looking at his father, not with a too greatly puzzled air.

Breathless, balanced between memory and this tangible representation of fact, like a chamois hunter strung by a cord between two precipices inclosing an abyss where to hesitate was death, Valgrand stammered "Good-morning, my little pet!"

Still stared he at him, then fell upon his knees, so that their faces were on a level, and enfolded him in his arms with a ringing cry of joy: "Marcel! my dear little son Marcel!" he cried again and again between tears and kisses. Over their heads—the little one's all golden sunshine, and the man's, where silver streaks marred the sable—a look of ineffable gratitude was exchanged between the doctor and the lady. Then the latter, remembering her instructions, took her son by the hand, saying:

'But you mustn't tire poor papa, dear. I think you had better go play in your room. And, mind, don't make much noise while papa's not well."

As long as the boy remained in the apartment the Count kept his eyes on him. When he had gone and the door closed after him and the Countess, De Valgrand fell back on the sofa and closed his eyes, as if the shock threatened future sensations which he dared not face.

"A relapse?" asked Dr. Favre, wheeling his chair nearer.

"No, no!" was the frenzied answer.

He wished to put direct questions, but dreaded to do so.

"You were just now talking about my getting over illness—danger. Have I been sick?"

"Congestion of the brain—that's all! You must remember, a week ago, when you took Marcel over to friend Duvernay's to dine with the hunting party?"

The Count nodded.

"It was cloudy, heavy weather, and you had naturally been complaining of headache. No doubt, Duvernay's wines did not agree with you; for, as the party went out to coffee and cigars on the lawn ——"

Up started the Count to his feet, but the doctor went on as if he had not stirred.

"—where you stumbled, went white as the tablecloth, and dropped into our arms. Congestion of the brain, my boy. Naturally, a fit of fever and any quantity of delirium ensued, and I have been five or six days pulling you through. But we're over the ditch, my boy, over the ditch."

The listener shook his head. It was clear that imagination would not fill up the chasm in this assertion.

"Come, come, you must remember going out in the carriage last night against my orders. Duvernay would only let you go when you agreed to take him with you."

"Last night! Yes: Duvernay *was* with me."

"Of course he was, because he brought you home all safe. I suppose you were very tired, and that's why you continue moving after you were once married. That ended all our driving about—all, unless, ha! ha! ha! you reckon for something our little scamper last night, and deuced glad I am that it has set you up. I never believed night air was beneficial before. Are you going to be down to breakfast? Don't you know? If you'll sit at the table, I'll stay. I'll go down and see if there's anything nice by way of temptation. Quite at home, aint I ——?"

"One word, Marcel," interrupted the Count, heretofore unable to edge in a word. "It appears I have been hard hit."

"Yes; it gave us much uneasiness about you. I was particularly hurt from it being in my house that you were taken aback."

"At your house, yes. When do you say that was?"

"Going on a week. I want to see Bob, by-the-way, about my chestnut. He's got the same cough as your black-splashed grey was cured of. Ta, ta!"

Nothing could be more convincing than this confirmation. The unconcerned bearing of Marcel Duvernay, his unhesitating replies, and his fluent, voluntary information were calculated to satisfy a model of incredulity.

The Count paced the room with nervous steps, irresolute, suspicious, disquieted. At times he stopped short, and clenched his hands in rage. Presently he sprang to the bell, but his hand was checked while on the pull. After a moment he rang, it is true, but gently.

He waited impatiently; but the aspect of the old whitehaired butler, who entered tranquilly, calmed his fury in an instant.

"Germain?" faltered he.

The old servant smiled, and bowed with a pleased look, but without the least astonishment.

"Good-morning, my lord," said he.

"You do not seem surprised to see me up."

"Not in the least," answered the latter, smiling again, "whatever the bad reports each day, I always said your lordship would be right again. Your father—Heaven bless him!—had two or three such attacks, when he was between thirty and forty, but he died a strong man, my lord—quite a strong man, my lord—at the good age of sixty. But you kept me on the *tenterhooks*, my lord, as the people say, for I sat up with you at nights, perhaps your lordship aint aware of."

"Then it was not my lady who watched me at night, Germain?"

"Her ladyship wanted to do it, and tried it a couple of nights, but Doctor Favre wouldn't allow it, when he saw how her being by enraged you."

A groan hid his modest forehead the Count drew his trembling hand.

"Why should I be enraged at her ladyship's presence?" inquired he.

Germain, who was shaking out the curtains to settle the folds more tastily, did not turn his head, as he answered that he hardly knew. But that the Count was afraid of his wife, his words sufficiently proved.

"Your lordship would have it that my lady hated you, and so you wanted to fly to the confines of the world, I think your lordship remarked. But, bless you, what stuff a body do utter in a fever. My wife, my lord, was a matron once in an infirmary, where she saved the money that we married on; and she told me lots of tales that showed how common it is in a fever to think you've killed somebody or other."

"So," said Valgrand, trying to speak slowly—"so, in my delirium, I fancied that I had killed someone?"

"Yes, my —— ha! ha! ha!"

The old man's laughter was contagious, and lightened his hearer's heart.

"I see, I see," said he in quite a joyous tone.

"And that's why you wanted Monsieur Duvernay to run away with you. No offense, my lord, I hope?"

The Count shook his head. He was grateful at learning—from what seemed a less interested source—that he had dreamed, and only dreamed. Almost convinced at last, and now afraid to be undeceived again, he ceased to question the servant, and, comparatively appeased, idly watched the man setting the room to rights.

In the midst of this silence, which Germain also took heed not to break, the Countess entered. One look from the butler told her that he had executed his orders faithfully, and that the rest of the plan could be taken up again by the others.

"You can leave the room, my good Germain," said she, "and do not let anyone disturb your master."

"Very well, my lady," answered the servant, quietly departing.

The Count advanced to meet his wife with an eagerness which expressed his happiness to see her again, though she had not been absent such a remarkably long time.

"My dear wife," said he, taking her hand. "Henriette, I wish to ask your forgiveness."

She looked all surprise, and took a seat beside him on the sofa, with a beating heart.

"A little while ago," began he, "you must have noticed my singular manner. The fact is, I had not quite got the better of my illness—the benumbing effects of a dreadful dream, which has been my torment throughout my malady. I can never tell you how horrible it was. I thought that—I was convinced that when I was at Duvernay's the other day ——"

"Oh, I know, I know! It was a dreadful dream!" interposed the Countess, unable to command her emotions.

"That was not the worst of it, my poor wife," proceeded he; "the impression grew upon me that not only did you love me no more, but that I had become your aversion and terror. And how could I blame you when I believed that I had slain ——"

"Hush! hush!" cried Madame De Valgrand. "Had Heaven permitted so great a blow, would I feel sharper grief than you? When two people loved eachother as we do, was the one who bore the lighter burden to shun the other and carry no remedy to the lacerated heart? Far from hating you, from repulsing you, my darling, I would have pressed closer to your aching breast. If your dream had come true, my love for you would have been doubled by my pity."

"I understand you—I understand," said the Count; but awakening distrust seemed to be in his voice. "Henriette, where is Marcel?" inquired he abruptly; and there was growing discontent in his manner.

"He is below, dear," said the Countess quietly. "We were all up late last night because of your going-out, and Marcel was forgotten till after his usual bedtime."

He looked narrowly at his wife, but she winced not at all, and, suspicious as he was, he could not dispute or argue with her.

"I want to see him, dear," said he. "Will you please go to him and bring him here as soon as he awakes? I wish to see him," repeated he, somewhat roughly.

She hesitated. When all had seemed so bright, the least cloud was ominous of a storm. But to delay and let her husband perceive that no one wished to keep access alone was hazardous.

She obeyed, and forced a smile as she left him, apparently quite to himself. How could he doubt that noble-looking woman when she spoke of her affection for him? No voice could be more tender. And as truly as he had seen his wife, he had seen his child.

Risen from the sick-bed, why was he not happy, instead of worried with fear? If the persons about him were in a league to cheat him, the inanimate articles in his house could hardly be joined in the same enterprise.

Suddenly, while turning over the papers on the table, he remembered something.

"That scrap of paper," cried he—"that piece of newspaper that I held to light my cigar with last night at the Eagle. It scorched my fingers, and I remember my hand carried it mechanically into my pocket."

He plunged his two fingers into his waistcoat pocket as he spoke, as greedily as a thirsty man would lower a bucket into a well, and took out a singed, doubled-up, folded piece of paper.

He opened it out with shaking hands. On one side this, that or the other lines, but no figures.

But the other was sprinkled with dates.

"This September—third, eighty-sixty-nine!" said he. "What can this mean? Is it an error? for these—all these—" cried he, dashing his hand down on the heap of magazines on the table at which he had lately looked—"all these say eighteen sixty-one."

He tried to be calm. He examined the papers again, and compared their dates with straining eyes to that on the scrap of paper.

Marcel was born 1861, and would be eight years old that day, and yet the Marcel whom he had seen was not half that age. If he saw clearly, his reason was shaken, or else the mystery underlying all this enigma was incomprehensible.

At last his wits were falling orderly into line. Whilst indubitably insane, he had been patient under a horrible impression, eating, drinking, sleeping well. But now such anxiety was unbearable for a moment.

He seized the bell-pull and alarmed the house with a violent peal.

His wife had not quitted the other side of the door, and with the doctor instantly rushed in.

Without a word of preamble, the Count held out the scrap of paper to the doctor, and said fiercely:

"Do you call that date?"

The doctor bit his lip, but, recovering his self-government, nodded assent.

"Henriette," continued Valgrand, "a while ago you insisted upon it that I had a sad dream. Now, that was no dream to last eight years. Cheat me no more, for I remember all that has come to pass; I remember it but too well. I see it still. I see the boy start up before me as I fire the gun. I see him fall dead by my hand—dead, I tell you, under my very eyes. Who says that was a vision?" thundered he. "But how comes it that I saw him again half an hour since, looking the same in age, though four long years had passed between? Was that a trick of my fancy, too? Yet, that seemed certain. No, no: it was true, it was true, for there he stands now!"

The door had been left open by the doctor and the Countess, and on the threshold appeared the little boy, led to the spot by Mrs. Clammer, gazing with wondering eyes on the incomprehensible group.

"Is that you, Marcel?" faltered the Count.

"Yes, papa," came the clear, sweet voice in answer.

"How old are you, dear?"

The boy glanced inquiringly at his mother and then at the doctor.

The latter had made up his mind.

"Speak out, my little man," said he, "and be quick."

"I am four years old."

"Four!" echoed the Count. "Then you cannot be my boy. If you are not he, who are you?"

"I'm his little brother, papa!"

A wild outcry of joy, of relief, of unmarred comprehension, burst from the father's lips. He took the child in his arms and sobbed over him like a woman.

The doctor turned to the Countess and said:

"He is safe now."

Suddenly, the Count looked round and partially shrank from the child. He was thinking of the other Marcel.

Madame De Valgrand clasped her hands in gratitude, and answered his mute inquiry in a voice indistinct with excessive joy:

"For this our son was dead and is alive again! He was lost and is found! It is meet that we should make merry and be glad!"

NEW PLAYS
At the London, Eng., Theatres.

"TALBOT'S TRUST,"

a two-act domestic drama, was produced at the Globe Theatre on Sept. 13, and *The Era* thus reviews its story: "Talbot appears to have been a young husband with a pretty wife and little daughter, and on the point of death he confides his wife and child to his very old friend, Harold Garnet, which confidential friend is a complete scamp. However, the widow makes haste to fall in love with him, and shows an amount of faith in his good intentions which would have led us rather to call the play 'Woman's' trust than 'Talbot's.' He makes free use of her money, drawing checks to the tune of a thousand or two frequently, and nobody knows what becomes of the money. All the time the tacit understanding with Catherine Talbot that he is to replace the "weeds" with orange blossoms at an early date is kept up, and so far are matters advanced within a few months of the death of poor Talbot that Harold is invariably called papa by the little girl. Harold Garnet goes on his way rejoicingly, and the one—the only—redeeming trait in a vicious character is his genuine love for the little girl. He has resolved to break off the contemplated union with her mother because he loves Minnie Hay, a smart young damsel betrothed to an impossible doctor to please her friends. Harold, under the very roof of the young widow, makes such violent love to her that the young lady yields just in time to make a tableau, and for the curtain to descend upon the first act. Poor Catherine, previously warned by her mother, had, just to pacify the old lady, been induced to try a little ruse to test Harold's faith. He is on the eve of making another application for a thousand pounds or so, when Catherine pretends she has lost her fortune. The moment she has gone, having—so naturally—left her cheque-book on the table, Harold sets to work to forge her signature. This operation is carried out in 'Shall I? shall I not?' sort of soliloquy that taxed the powers of the actor to the utmost, and, having been successfully accomplished, then we have the dramatic finale above referred to, the poor young widow, declaring that her heart is broken, falling on the floor to complete the situation; while the triumphant mother-in-law and the impossible doctor are looking on in the rear. In the second act we are astonished with a remarkable incident. Harold Garnet has been nearly killed in a railway collision, and is brought back to the house of Catherine Talbot. He is on the eve of making another application for a thousand pounds or so, when Catherine pretends she has lost her fortune. The moment she has gone, having—so naturally—left her cheque-book on the table, Harold sets to work to forge her signature. This operation is carried out in 'Shall I? shall I not?' sort of soliloquy that taxed the powers of the actor to the utmost, and, having been successfully accomplished, then we have the dramatic finale above referred to, the poor young widow, declaring that her heart is broken, falling on the floor to complete the situation; while the triumphant mother-in-law and the impossible doctor are looking on in the rear. In the second act we are astonished with a remarkable incident. Harold Garnet has been nearly killed in a railway collision, and is brought back to the house of Catherine Talbot. He is lying apparently asleep on a couch, there comes a detective to arrest him. He calls upon Harold Garnet in the Queen's name. But he is beyond the reach of Queen or Sheriff. He is dead. The curtain falls upon a rather impressive tableau, the Doctor and Minnie being present, having been reconciled through the good offices of the mother-in-law."

"MY AWFUL DAD,"

a comedy in two acts, by Charles Mathews, was produced at the Gaiety Theatre on Sept. 13, and was thus reviewed by *The Sunday Times* of the 19th: "In an evil moment Dick Everygreen, a hard-working and prosperous barrister, has consented to allow his father, Adonis, to reside in the chambers he occupies in the Temple. From this concession spring sorrows innumerable to our worthy lawyer. His father is in all respects his opposite. At the hour when Dick his pocket full of briefs, is starting for the courts at Westminster, his sire, with a cigar between his lips, is returning from a carouse. Dick never looks at a woman, Adonis looks at nothing else, his flirtations extending from the most aristocratic of ladies to the "loudest" of music-hall singers. All that is feminine that comes into his venerable net is, indeed, fish to him. Not unnaturally the menage so conducted is not too comfortable. Crabbed youth and age cannot live together is, according to Mr. Mathews, the proper reading of Shakespeare's well-known song. Richard finds his clerks dispatched by his father on frivolous erranda, and his own drawers encumbered with the bills that worthy, who lives in a state of constant impecuniosity, causes to be sent in to him. So stand matters, when one day Matilda Weddagain, a young and handsome widow, neglecting the customary intervention of a solicitor, comes to consult Richard on a point of vast importance to herself. Adonis is at that moment dressed as Punch, in order to go to a masked ball. Covering the festive disguise with his son's gown, and donning his wig, he listens to the lady's complaint and gives her his counsel. Matilda is left a widow, but a condition in the will of her deceased husband strips her of all her property in case she marries a man under fifty. From this odious condition our self-constituted barrister promises her relief, and lawyer and client part thoroughly enamored of each other. In the second act the scene is transferred to Scarboro'. Here Adonis is disporting himself in company with Mesdames Charlotte Fitz-Plantagenet and Evangeline Clara De Vere of the London music halls, when his son arrives. Not greatly pleased, it may be surmised, is Master Dick to find his father installed in the very hotel he himself occupies. Marriage is the object of his present visit. In Emma Marigold he has found a wife with a fortune. Luckily for all parties, the presence of Adonis proves less compromising than might have been expected. True, he is still engaged in the interminable process of sowing wild oats, and the responsibility of not a few of his delinquencies falls upon his son. Emma Marigold has, however, a profound contempt for a milksop, such as she begins to suppose Dick to be. When, accordingly, she finds he has gambling debts, and has fought a duel appropos of a music-hall singer, she takes him into full favor, and is only too happy to hurry the preparations for her nuptials. Neither of these follies, it is needless to say, has Master Richard committed. With some difficulty, however, he is induced to sit under the accusation and accept the character so opportunely provided him. Meanwhile, as Matilda Weddagain and the aunt of the fair Emma, Adonis has had an opportunity of doing a little love-making on his own account while advancing the interest of his son. When the widow finds a man of fifty can be so brisk and vivacious, she ceases to find so onerous the provisions of the will. In answer, accordingly, to a formal proposal by Dick on his father's account, she consents to marry our venerable good-for-nothing."

"THE PROMISED LAND,
Or the Search for the Southern Star,"

a drama by Dr. Pettit, was produced at the Grecian on Sept. 13. The opening scenes are laid abroad, and the promised land is England. The Southern Star is a large diamond, which is purchased from some miners by a Dutchman named Vanderbilt. The miners, with the exception of one Mason, attempt to rob the old man of his prize, but are unable to find it. As the Dutchman refuses to inform the rascals where it is, he gets stabbed, and, as we supposed, killed. Ere he dies he takes out from a garden pot the diamond, which is snatched from him by one of the rascals, who in turn loses it, and this time it falls into the hands of a young lady in the disguise of a middle-aged Mason's sweetheart. This diamond is now hidden in a hollow tree, and got possession of by one of the villains, but he is compelled to give it up to Mason, and is then thrown over a precipice. Mason is watched, and is nearly shot and drowned, but at last arrives in the promised land with his prize, finds the Dutchman alive, is reconciled to his lady-love, and all ends happily.

OLD LONDON FAIRS.

We present our readers with a continued description of the shows at the fair referred to in our past issue. The next show announced, for one penny, "The black wild Indian woman—the white Indian youth—and the Welsh dwarf—all alive!" There was this further announcement on the outside: "The Young American will perform after the manner of the French jugglers at Vauxhall Gardens, with balls, rings, daggers, etc." The "Welsh dwarf" was William Phillips of Denbigh, fifteen years of age. The "white Indian youth" was an Esquimaux; and the exhibitor assured the visitors, upon his veracity, that "the black wild Indian woman" was a court lady of the island of Madagascar. The young American was the exhibitor himself, an intelligent and clever fellow in a loose striped frock, tied round the middle. He commenced his performances by throwing up three balls, which he kept constantly in the air, as he afterwards did four, and then five, with great dexterity, using his hands, shoulders and elbows, apparently with equal ease. He afterwards threw up three rings, each about four inches in diameter, and then four, which he kept in motion with similar success. To end his performance, he produced three knives, which, by throwing up and down, he continued to preserve in the air altogether. The young American's dress and knives were very similar to those of the Anglo-Saxon glee-man, as Strutt has figured them from a MS. in the "Cotton Collection."

The inscriptions and paintings on the outside of the next show announced "The white negro, who was rescued from her black parents by the bravery of a British officer—the only white negro girl alive—the great giantess and dwarf—six curiosities alive!—only a penny to see them all alive!" One side of the interior was covered by a pictorial representation of a treadmill, with convicts at work upon it, superintended by wardens. On the other side were several monkeys in cages, an old bear in a jacket, and sundry other animals. When a sufficient number of persons had assembled, a curtain was withdrawn, and the visitors beheld the giantess and the white negro, whom the showman pronounced "the greatest curiosity ever seen—the first that has been exhibited since the reign of George II—look at her head and her hair, ladies and gentlemen, and feel it; there's no deception—it's like ropes of wool!" The girl, who had the flat nose, thick lips, and peculiarly-shaped skull of the negro, stooped to have her hair examined. It was of a dull, flaxen color, and hung, according to Hone's description, "in ropes, of a clothy texture, the thickness of a quill, and from four to six inches in length." Her skin was the color of a European's. Then there stepped forth a little fellow about three feet high, in a military dress, with top-boots, who "strutted his tiny legs, and held his head aloft with not less importance than the proudest general officer could assume upon his promotion to the rank of field-marshal."

The next show was announced as an "exhibition of real wonders," and the following bill was put forth by its proprietor:

REAL WONDERS.
SEE AND BELIEVE.
HAVE YOU SEEN THE BEAUTIFUL DOLPHIN,
The performing pig and the mermaid?

If not, pray do so as the exhibition contains more variety than any other in England. Those ladies and gentlemen who may be pleased to honor it with a visit will be truly gratified.

TOBY,
The Scottish Philosopher and Ladies' Fortune-teller.

That beautiful animal appears to be endowed with the natural sense of the human race. He is in common with beautiful of his race; in symmetry the most perfect; temper the most docile, and far exceeds anything yet seen for his intelligent performances. He is beyond all conception; he has a perfect knowledge of the alphabet, understands arithmetic, and will spell and cast accounts, tell the points of the globe, the dice-box, the hour by any person's watch, etc.

THE *Real* HEAD OF MAHOURA
The Cannibal Chief!

At the same time the public will have an opportunity of seeing what was exhibited so long in London under the title of

THE MERMAID:

The wonder of the deep! not a fac-simile or copy, but the same curiosity.

ADMISSION MODERATE.

Open from eleven in the morning till nine in the evening.

Foremost among the attractions of this show were the performing pig and the show-woman, who drew forth the learning of the "swinish philosopher" admirably. He went through the alphabet, and spelt monosyllabic words with his nose, and did a sum of two figures in addition. Then, at her desire, he indicated those of the company who were in love, or addicted to drink, and grunted his conviction that a stout gentleman, who might have sat to John Leech for the portrait of John Bull, "loved good eating and a pipe and a jug of ale better than the sight of the Living Skeleton." The "beautiful dolphin" was a fishskin stuffed. The mermaid was the last manufactured impostor of the kind, and exhibited the half a crown in Piccadilly, about a year before. The "real head of Mahoura the cannibal chief" was a skull with a dried skin over it and a black wig; "but it looked sufficiently terrific," says Hone, "when the show-woman put the candle in at the neck, and the flame illuminated the yellow integument over the holes where the eyes, nose, and tongue had been."

Adjoining this was another penny show, with pictures large as life, on the show-cloths outside, of the living wonders within, and the following inscription: "All alive! No false paintings! The wild Indian, the giant boy and the dwarf family; never here before; to be seen alive!" Thomas Day, the reputed father of the dwarf family, was also proprietor of the show. He was thirty-five years of age, and only thirty-five inches high. There was a boy six years old, only twenty-seven inches high. The "wild Indian" was a mild-looking mulatto. The "giant boy," William Wilkinson Whitehead, was fourteen years of age, stood five feet two inches high, measured five feet round the body, twenty-seven inches across the shoulders, twenty inches round the arm, twenty-four inches round the calf, and thirty-one inches round the thigh, and weighed twenty-two stones. His father and mother were "traveling merchants" of Manchester; he was born at Glasgow during one of their journeys, and was a fine, healthy youth, fair-complexioned, intelligent-looking, active in his movements, and sensible in speech. He was lightly dressed in plaid, to show his limbs, with a bonnet of the same.

Holden's glass working and blowing was the last show on the east side of Smithfield, and was limited to a single caravan. The first, on the south side, with its side towards Cloth Fair, and the back towards the corner of Duke street, presented pictures of a giant, a giantess, and an Indian chief, with the inscription: "They're all alive! Be assured they're all alive! The Yorkshire giantess! Waterloo giant! Indian chief! Only a penny!" An overgrown girl was the Yorkshire giantess. A tall man, with hair frizzed and powdered, aided by a military coat and a plaid roquelaire, made the Waterloo giant.

Next to this stood another show of the same kind and quality, the attractions of which were a giantess and two dwarfs. The giantess was a Somerset girl, who rose from the chair whereon she was seated to the height of six feet nine inches and three-quarters, with "Ladies and gentlemen, your most obedient." She was good-looking and affable, and obliged the company by taking off her tight-fitting slipper, and handing it round for their examination. It was of such dimensions that the largest man present could have put his booted foot into it. She said that her name was Elizabeth Stock, and that she was only sixteen years of age. This completed the number of shows pitched in Smithfield in 1825.

There was a visible falling-off in the following year, when the number of shows diminished to eight. The west side of Glltspur street, along its whole length, was occupied by book-stalls; and grave-looking men in black suits, with white cravats, looking like waiters out of employment, stood solemnly through the fair, giving to all who would take them tracts, with the startling question: "Are you prepared to die?" Richardson's Theatre was there, and Clarke's Circus; but Samwell, and Ball, and Chappell and Pike did not attend, and Wombwell's was the only menagerie. "Brown's grand company from Paris" presented a juggling and tight-rope performance, with the learned horse, and a clown who extracted musical sounds from a saltbox, with the aid of a rolling-pin; Holden the glass-blower, in a glass wig, made tea-cups for threepence each, and tobacco-pipes for a penny; the learned pig displayed his acquirements in orthography and arithmetic; there was a twopenny exhibition of rattlesnakes and young crocodiles, but choked by steam from imported eggs; and a show in which a dwarf and a "silver-haired lady" were exhibited for a penny.

I have found no account of the number of shows which attended Bartholomew Fair in 1827; but in the following year they must have been nearly as numerous as in 1825, an enumeration of the principal ones reaching to sixteen. All the menageries attended, and, besides, Richardson's and Ball's Theatres, Kayes & Laine's, Frazer's, Pike's, and a couple of clever Chinese jugglers. The receipts of these and the other principal shows were returned, in round numbers, as follows: Wombwell's Menagerie, £1,700; Richardson's Theatre, £1,200; Atkins' Menagerie, £1,000; Morgan's Menagerie, £150; exhibition of "the pig-faced lady," £150; ditto fat boy and girl, £140; ditto head of William Corder, who was hanged at Chelmsford for the murder of Maria Martin—a crime which had created a great sensation, owing to its discovery through a dream of the victim's mother—£100; Ball's Menagerie, £90; Ball's Theatre, £80; dioramas of the battle of Navarino, £60; the Chinese jugglers, £50; Pike's Theatre, £40; a fire-eater, £30; Frazer's Theatre, £26; Keyes & Laine's Theatre, £20; exhibition of a Scotch giant, £20. Some curious lights are thrown by these figures on the comparative attractiveness of different entertainments and exhibitions.

Atkins offered the attractions of an elephant ten feet high, and another litter of lion-tigers; the latter addition to his collection being announced as follows: "Wonderful phenomenon in nature. The singular and hitherto deemed impossible occurrence of a lion and tigress cohabiting and producing young has again taken place in the menagerie, on

THE RING.

NED O'BALDWIN MURDERED BY HIS BUSINESS PARTNER.

Particulars of the Tragedy.

SKETCH OF THE DEAD GIANT'S CAREER.

Death by violence has terminated the career of another of those who within the past decade have figured prominently in pugilistic circles. On the morning of the day upon which was published the latest challenge from Ned O'Baldwin the Irish Giant to fight any man in the world, the citizens of the metropolis were startled by the intelligence that the man whose name was signed thereto lay mortally wounded in their midst. Ere the defi had been seen by the public eye it had, as it were, been accepted by the invisible and invincible conqueror, who, employing an earthly agency swift and terrible in its action, had laid low and shorn of his strength the giant with whom but few of his kind seemed able to cope. There were no witnesses of the affray in which this chief among the boxers received the injuries which subsequently caused his death, and for particulars concerning the shooting, and the immediate cause thereof, we must refer to the statements made by the victim and the perpetrator of the deed. The ante-mortem statement of the deceased, as taken by Coroner Woltman, is as follows: "At about 10.30 o'clock P.M. Sept. 27, I was sitting in my bar-room, No. 45 West street, in company with my partner, Michael Finnell. I told him I desired to speak to him, and we went in the back room. I said to him; 'Finnell, there is no business doing here, and I am going to leave here.' He said: 'What are you going to leave for?' I answered back: 'The place will not support two. It will pay one well enough.' He got jealous, and said: 'You should not leave me that way.' I told him I would get him a man to come with him that would pay $200 or $300 more than he, Finnell, had paid to come in, so he would not be a loser. At the time we both were sitting down. He took a pistol from his pocket and shot me twice, and I tried to take the pistol from him. On hearing the shots several people came in, and Finnell ran away. I have been partner with Finnell about four weeks. I have never had any disturbance with him, and have always been on the best of terms with him. At the time he fired the shots he was not intoxicated, but had been drinking." O'Baldwin, in reply to the usual question, said he believed he would die.

Further along will be found Finnell's account of the affray, which differs materially from the above. Whoever may have been the aggressor, that the trouble which brought about this unfortunate result had its origin in the announced determination of O'Baldwin to sever his partnership with Finnell there is no doubt. He had also intended arrangements with Joseph Cassidy, alias "Scotty," of 114 Greenwich street, and they were to have taken possession of the house No. 71 Courtland street, and opened it as the City Hotel Oct 4. As the presence of the giant was the attraction which brought to the house at 45 West street nearly all the patronage which it received, Finnell was naturally bitterly opposed to a dissolution of partnership, and it is presumable that the discussion of the subject by men neither of whom was probably perfectly sober though we have been assured that O'Baldwin had drunk nothing stronger than weiss-beer during the day) aggravated one or the other to the commission of an assault. O'Baldwin succeeded in wresting the pistol from his partner's hand; but before he could turn it upon his murderer it was taken from him by Finnell, who, entering the room upon hearing the shots, and in the confusion which ensued Finnell made good his escape. Dr. Shine of No. 17 State street was immediately summoned, and, upon looking at the wounded, man ordered his removal to the Park Hospital. It was found that both the shots had taken effect, one entering between the seventh and eighth ribs, about four inches below and on a line with the right nipple; the other being in the abdomen, two inches to the right of and nearly on a line with the umbilicus. After Dr. Wm. H. Shine had probed the wounds without finding the bullets, the wounded gladiator was, by his own request, removed to the residence of his good friend and backer, Mr. Cassidy, who had hastened to his side upon learning that he was shot, and was anxious to do whatever lay in his power to help him. The ante-mortem statement was taken at Cassidy's, and the Coroner's jury rendered a verdict in accordance therewith, the Coroner issuing a warrant for Finnell's arrest, which was placed in the hands of Capt. Saunders of the Twenty-seventh precinct.

During Tuesday the symptoms were such that the attending physician, Dr. Shine, was of opinion, notwithstanding the desperate character of the wounds, and the failure of the probe to reach the leaden missiles, that the great vitality and powerful constitution of the patient would enable him to recover; but towards evening a change for the worse manifested itself, and it became necessary, in order to relieve the sufferer from the intense pain which racked his frame, to administer hypodermic injections of morphine. Later, symptoms of shock and collapse appeared; and when the doctor left, late at night, it was evident that O'Baldwin could not survive many hours longer. The night was one of terrible torture to him, the sufferings increasing as the morning advanced, and at times rendering him almost delirious. In his agony he prayed that the end would be hastened, and continually urged his faithful and kind attendants, Mr. and Mrs. Cassidy, to "Send for a doctor for God's sake"—to give him some morphine, that he might be eased of the pain, which he said he could no longer endure and retain his senses. He was aware that death was nigh at hand, and shortly past six o'clock A.M. asked that a priest be sent for, which was done, Father O'Farrell responding, and administered the last rites of the Church. When Dr. Shine went away he told Mr. Cassidy that he should return at ten o'clock, when other physicians would also attend, and a consultation be held; and when, in compliance with O'Baldwin's repeated requests, messengers were sent to his house between six and nine o'clock, he, knowing that his patient's case was utterly hopeless, declined to answer the summons. About 8.30 A.M. O'Baldwin, whose extremities were now rapidly becoming cold, and whose face bore the impress of approaching dissolution, though his mind remained clear and his voice was remarkably strong and firm, threatened to get out of bed if the doctor did not give him something at once, and he was only kept from doing so by Mr. Cassidy hastening to the bar and procuring some harmless liquid, which the wounded man took, believing it to be medicine. At ten o'clock Prof. J. M. Carnochan and Drs. Shine and W. B. Hull held a consultation, and decided that O'Baldwin's condition would not admit of his living until noon; and their prediction proved true, for at about 10.50 he passed away without a struggle, his bedside being at the time surrounded by the physicians mentioned, Mr. and Mrs. Cassidy, and Mr. Roche. Up to within ten minutes or so of his demise he retained possession of his senses, and the last words ascribed to him were: "I think I am going. I can't see. Everything looks blurred before me."

Coroner Woltman was immediately notified of his decease, and proceeded to impanel a jury, who, after viewing the body, were discharged, to await the taking of testimony after the arrest of Finnell, which it was thought would be effected in a few days. If possible, the result of the inquest will be given upon one of our inside pages. A post-mortem examination was made by Deputy-Coroner Cushman and Dr. Shine, at 5 o'clock P.M., under the supervision of Prof. Carnochan, Dr. Hull making notes of the result. On opening the body, the first ball was found lying in the fold of the diaphragm, and had not penetrated the abdomen. The lungs were found perfectly healthy, and the spleen was in a normal condition. The liver and kidneys exhibited the effects to some degree of drinking, while the stomach was congested from the same cause. The heart, although of fair size, was somewhat small for so large a man. There was an enormous extravasation of blood from the wounds. During the morning prior to his death the patient lost a quart and a half of blood, and 7 ounces and a half quarts of blood were found in the abdominal cavity, making one gallon of blood drawn from his system. The second ball was carefully searched for, but could not be found. In the opinion of the surgeons conducting the examination, death resulted from the shock consequent on the wounds, the extravasation of blood, perforation of the intestines, and peritonitis. O'Baldwin having expressed a wish that his remains be taken to Boston, Mass., and there delivered to his old friends, James D. and John Shea of 46 Eliot street, with the request that he be interred, under their direction, beside the grave of his brother in Holyhood Cemetery, Brookline, Mr. Cassidy left with the body by the ten o'clock A.M. train for that city Sept. 30, the Messrs. Shea having been previously notified by telegraph and mail. Full particulars of the funeral will be found in another column. O'Baldwin has two sisters, Norah and Ann, who were telegramed to, and arrived in the city from Boston a few hours after their brother's death. Hundreds of persons called to view the remains while they lay in Mr. Cassidy's house, where a wake was held on the night of the 29th. Among the few floral offerings was a superb cross of tuberoses and japonicas, with the single word "Ned" in the centre, being the tribute of Joe Coburn. During his illness Mr. and Mrs. Cassidy were untiring and most assiduous in their exertions for the wounded man, scarcely closing their eyes during the time; and, had it been possible for medical skill, aided by careful nursing, to have accomplished that end, O'Baldwin's life would have been saved.

ARREST OF THE MURDERER.

Michael Finnell, who took the giant's life, surrendered himself to the police about 10.30 P.M. on the 29th, he finding Capt. McDonnell and Detective Murphy of the Eighth Precinct so close upon his trail that concealment was no longer possible. On entering the station, Finnell saw Sergeant Woodward behind the desk, and asked for the captain. Upon being told the captain was out, he said that he "was Michael Finnell, who was accused of having murdered O'Baldwin, and he therefore desired to surrender himself to the captain." At this time, Capt. McDonald, who had traced him to the station, entered, and Finnell surrendered himself. He said he had kept a liquor-store at No. 45 West street, in partnership with O'Baldwin, and on Monday night while they were conversing on business matters, O'Baldwin made a pass at him with his fist, when he (Finnell) said: "Look out for that, Ned, or I shall hurt you." O'Baldwin then made another pass at him, jumping forward at the same time; whereupon he shot him. The prisoner was then locked up in the station, and thence removed to the Tombs next day, upon which day application was made to Judge Donohue in Supreme Court, Chambers, for a writ of habeas corpus in his behalf, with a view to admitting him to bail pending the inquisition as to the cause of O'Baldwin's death. The application was granted.

SKETCH OF THE DEAD PUGILIST.

Edward O'Baldwin was born at Lismore, in the County of Waterford, Ireland, in January, 1840, stood 6 feet 5½ inches without his shoes, and his fighting weight at the time of his death was over 200 pounds. After attaining his nineteenth year he shook the dust from his feet and journeyed to Birmingham, Eng., and as the bump of combativeness was pretty largely developed in his cranium, he naturally fell in with the boxing element, to whom he became well known under the appellation of "Tom the Cooper's Big 'Un." In the Spring of '63 he paid his first visit to the British metropolis, where he stood and gone Nat Langham a fair trial with the mittens, with a view to matching him, as against another young and gigantic athlete, Andy Marsden, whose friends were casting about for a suitable match. The result failed to impress Ould Nat favorably, and O'Baldwin was given the cold shoulder. He then went to Manchester, but, appearing to disadvantage in a set-to with a man much smaller than himself, found it advisable to pay up stakes again, and he returned to his old quarters in Brummagem, where, by assiduous practice, he greatly improved his knowledge of the art; indeed, so well did he perform in a trial set-to which Cooper shortly afterward gave him, that Tom concluded to give him a chance to show what he really was capable of doing, and accordingly matched him against Marsden, a man 6ft. 1½in. in height, for £20 a side. Bob Travers and some Nottingham friends put up the money for the latter. They met in the London district on Oct. 21, when Ned, who was nervous and bewildered from the start, was defeated in just three minutes and a half, greatly to the surprise of Cooper and Joe Goss, the latter of whom, by the way, in his seconds, his performance being so excessively bad, and indetative of a not over-courageous heart, that those who had previously been his best friends cut him dead. Jesse Hatton, however, took Ned in charge, and until the Autumn of '64 the Giant applied himself diligently to the work of acquiring science of a fistic kind, and developing muscle, when he was pitted against George Iles, who had gained considerable repute as a pugilist by a courageous battle of 2 hours and 8 minutes with Joe Wormald, a finished boxer, who died at Quebec, C. E., in 1871. The betting ruled at odds of 6 to 4 on Iles, in consequence of the miserable exhibition previously made by Ned, and many expected that George was going to win in a canter. The encounter took place in two rings, a move having been occasioned by the appearance of the "bobbies," February 19, 1866, the stakes being £30 a side. The issue was a greater disappointment, if possible, than had been that of the giant's maiden essay within the ropes, for he had everything his own way, and wos without a mark, after fighting three rounds in fifty-nine minutes. This proved O'Baldwin to be made of better stuff than had been supposed, and redeemed his reputation fully. Elated with his success, and desirous of wiping out the defeat he had sustained at the hands of the sturdy Marsden, Ned made overtures for a fresh match with the latter. Andy did not seem inclined to accommodate him, however, putting off making a match for some time; but finally he was cornered, and they agreed to fight for £100 a side. O'Baldwin had the Londoners at his back when they met, Sept. 25, 1865, but they were greatly outnumbered by the adherents of the Nottingham man. O'Baldwin went in to win from the first, and he administered such a hammering to his antagonist in eleven rounds, occupying sixteen minutes, that the partisans of the latter, seeing that his chance of winning was altogether hopeless, assailed O'Baldwin with stones and missiles of every description, broke in to the ring, and put a stop to the fight. The referee, after being hustled about, left the ring, reserving his decision, which he subsequently gave in favor of Ned, as was manifestly right. Not long after this, O'Baldwin, whose star was now in the ascendancy, made a match with a man to be named by Jim Mace (Joe Goss being at first selected, and afterward Joe Wormald, owing to Goss' apprehension upon a charge of being engaged in a previous similar affair). The match was for £200 a side and the champion belt, and was to have been decided in the London district, April 29, 1867; but in consequence of O'Baldwin, through misunderstanding, or worse, on the part of those who had him in charge, being absent from the starting-place when the train left for the battle-ground, the money was declared forfeited and awarded to Wormald. This affair bore the appearance of chicanery and fraud upon its face, it being manifestly the intention from the outset to swindle the giant. Notwithstanding this palpable piece of trickery, O'Baldwin permitted himself to be persuaded that he would obtain fair treatment "next time," and accordingly sent forth a challenge to battle against any man living for £200 a side and the championship. The *defi* was accepted by his late opponent, Mace, and they were to have fought on the 15th of October, 1867; but Mace was arrested in London the night previous, and bound over to keep the peace, the match being subsequently declared a draw. This thoroughly disgusted Ned, who, counter into his own recognizance in £200 and find two sureties of £150 each, said that if he did this it would interfere with his ball, and therefore declined to cross the Channel, proposing, however, to fight Ned in America. O'Baldwin then made up his mind to take a voyage across the Atlantic, which he quickly put into execution, arriving at New York on the 11th of December, 1867. THE CLIPPER of the following week contained a challenge from him to Mace, to fight in this country for $5,000, Jim to be allowed $1,000 for expenses. Sufficient time having elapsed without a response being received, efforts were made to secure a customer for the giant on this side the ocean, and these exertions brought to the front Jimmy Elliott, in reply to whose verbal offer to fight him, provided proper odds were allowed, Ned issued a second challenge, offering to meet Elliott and stake $5,000 against $2,500. Articles were signed by both to fight on May 19, 1868, Elliott to stake $2,000 against $1,000 that Ned did not whip him in half an hour. The match fell through, however, at the time fixed upon for making the second deposit, the stakes being drawn by mutual consent, at the request of Elliott's backers. From this time up to the arrival of Joe Wormald upon our shores, Aug. 4, 1868, the Waterford giant was allowed to pursue the even tenor of his way, no one considering it advisable to buck against the overwhelming odds possessed by him. Wormald came unexpectedly; and, as soon as O'Baldwin, who was then in the Northwest, heard of his arrival, he sent a telegram to THE CLIPPER, challenging him to fight for any sum, and at any time and place Joe might name. This was promptly accepted by Wormald, and on August 29 a deposit was posted for a match, which amount was increased to $200 a side on Sept. 9, when articles were signed to fight in Virginia for $1,000 a side, Oct. 13, 1868, Dan Noble being chosen final stakeholder. Subsequently, however, the date was altered to Oct. 15. Interference by the authorities, however, prevented the men reachin the ground, and a change of locale became necessary. A spot was selected near the metropolis; but Ned was arrested as he was about starting therefor, and placed under bonds to keep the peace in this State for one year, and another change of *reme* was necessitated. The attempt proved more successful, a meeting being had at Lynnfield, a few miles from Boston, Mass., on Nov. 10, when, after fighting one round, in ten minutes, the police appeared and arrested the principals. They were taken to Lynn, and after a hearing were released on $5,000 bail each, to stand trial in February following. The referee and stakeholder, Dan Noble, appointed another place of fighting at a meeting subsequently held in this city; but Wormald refused to obey his mandate, and the stakes were awarded to O'Baldwin Nov. 11, 1868. On the 5th of December, Ned was arrested in this city, at the request of his Massachusetts bondsmen, and conveyed to Salem, where he was arraigned for the fight, tried and convicted, Feb. 23, 1869. Exceptions were taken and sentence postponed, however, O'Baldwin being released on $5,000 bail. He was brought before Judge Wilkinson, at Lawrence, and sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment in the House of Correction Nov. 15, 1869. He was released from confinement on the 27th of April, 1871, and subsequently traveled over the country, giving exhibitions. In the month of June following his liberation he issued a challenge to fight Jim Mace or anyone else, which challenge he repeated in the succeeding November; but it was not until the Spring of 1872 that he and Mace were matched. Articles were signed at a meeting held in this city, and they were to have fought for $1,000 a side, in Virginia, Aug. 15, 1872, but the authorities interfered, preventing the excursion boats from leaving Baltimore, Md., and compelling a change of locale. The stakeholder ordered them to met at Collier Station, on the Panhandle Railroad, in West Virginia, Aug. 21, which they did, a ring being erected and the principals entering and stripping; but they failed to agree upon a referee, and a subsequent meeting in the Quasker City failing to produce good results, the stakeholder ended the match by handing back the stakes. O'Baldwin visited different parts of the country after this failure, to bring about a fight for which he was anxious, stopping for some time in Pittsburg, and we next heard of him prominently in connection with the fight between Hicken and Campbell, at Collier Station. He acted as chief second for the former, and when the fight was broken up by the other side he was pretty badly hurt by being struck on the head with a revolver. A few days afterwards he published a card, announcing his final retirement from the prize-ring, and engaged in business at Steubenville, O., as proprietor of a saloon and billiard-room. Becoming involved in some trouble, however, he a few weeks later deemed it advisable to leave that place, and returned to Philadelphia, where he was arrested for aggravated assault and battery, tried and convicted, and on Sept. 19, 1873, was sentenced to two years' imprisonment. Upon his release, a few weeks prior to his death, he came to this city, and, after his recovery from a slight attack of sickness, joined his murderer in the proprietorship of the drinking-saloon in which he received his death-wounds. On Sept. 4 he gave an exhibition at Germania Hall, Seventh avenue, this being upon which occasion he last sparred in public, his opponent being Joe Coburn, with whom he had intended taking a trip to California. On the fly upon which he was shot he issued a challenge to fight Mace or anyone else, his friend and backer, Joseph Cassidy, posting $100 therewith.

BASEBALL.

THE PROFESSIONAL CONTESTS FOR SEPTEMBER.

The record of championship contests for September shows a smaller number of games played than during any month of the season since April. In May eighty-nine games were recorded; in June, sixty-one; July, fifty-nine; August, forty-two; in September but thirty-eight, as follows, of which thirty-six were championship games:

SEPTEMBER.

Sept. 1,	Boston vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn	13 to 7
Sept. 2,	Boston vs. Philadelphia, at Phila. (10 in.)	8 6
Sept. 3,	Boston vs. Athletic, at Philadelphia	16 3
Sept. 4,	Athletic vs. Boston, at Philadelphia	6 3
Sept. 4,	Mutual vs. Atlantic, at Brooklyn	13 4
Sept. 6,	Mutual vs. Atlantic, at Brooklyn	6 2
Sept. 6,	Boston vs. Philadelphia, at Philadelphia	9 4
Sept. 7,	Boston vs. Atlantic, at Brooklyn	8 3
Sept. 7,	Hartford vs. St. Louis, at St. Louis	15 3
Sept. 8,	Boston vs. Mutual, at Hartford	8 4
Sept. 9,	St. Louis vs. Hartford, at St. Louis	8 5
Sept. 9,	Mutual vs. Philadelphia, at Philadelphia	11 4
Sept. 9,	Boston vs. Atlantic, at Brooklyn	10 4
Sept. 11,	New Haven vs. Atlantic, at Brooklyn	13 6
Sept. 11,	St. Louis vs. Hartford, at St. Louis	6 0
Sept. 11,	Athletic vs. Mutual, at Philadelphia	12 3
Sept. 13,	Hartford vs. St. Louis, at St. Louis	3 0
Sept. 14,	Hartford vs. Chicago, at Chicago	1 0
Sept. 15,	Chicago vs. Hartford, at Chicago	2 1
Sept. 15,	Philadelphia vs. Athletic, at Philadelphia	5
Sept. 15,	Mutual vs. Atlantic, at Brooklyn	10 4
Sept. 16,	Hartford vs. Chicago, at Chicago	5 2
Sept. 17,	Athletic vs. Atlantic, at Brooklyn	13 2
Sept. 18,	Mutual vs. Atlantic, at Brooklyn	6 0
Sept. 18,	Chicago vs. Hartford, at Chicago	14 4
Sept. 21,	Philadelphia vs. Hartford, at Cincinnati	13 3
Sept. 23,	St. Louis vs. Philadelphia, at Cincinnati	5 0
Sept. 23,	Philadelphia vs. Chicago, at Chicago	5 0
Sept. 24,	Hartford vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn (exhibition)	3 1
Sept. 24,	Boston vs. New Haven, at New Haven	8 6
Sept. 25,	Boston vs. Hartford, at Hartford	16 1
Sept. 25,	Philadelphia vs. Chicago, at Chicago	15 6
Sept. 25,	Mutual vs. Atlantic, at Brooklyn	10 7
Sept. 27,	Mutual vs. New Haven, at Brooklyn	4 2
Sept. 27,	St. Louis vs. Philadelphia, at St. Louis	5 3
Sept. 28,	New Haven vs. Mutual at Brooklyn	8 6
Sept. 28,	Philadelphia vs. St. Louis, at St. Louis	2 1
Sept. 29,	Boston vs. Hartford, at Boston (exhibition)	6 1
Totals		339 180

The average of the winning nines was 8 and 35 over to a match, that of the losing nines being 3 and 16 over.

THE KNICKERBOCKER CLUB.

Baseball in the Olden Time.

For thirty odd years the Knickerbocker Club of New York has played baseball at Hoboken on strictly amateur principles, and without missing a single season. For twenty-five years of this time Mr. James Whyte Davis has been an active member of the club—being at the noted left-fielder, then as the most zealous of its working members, afterwards as its worthy and esteemed president, which he still is, and lastly as one of the most active veterans of the organization. On the 26th of September, 1850, this veteran ball-tosser joined the then leading baseball club of the country—the Knickerbockers of New York. At that period the club included in its list of members Messrs. Tucker, Birney, Curry, Niebuhr, Dr. Adams, Talman—veterans of 1845; Debost, Anthony, Plunkett, Avery, vets. of 1846; and Ladd, Murray and Stevens of 1849. "Poor Old Davis" was of the corps of 1850, and after him came Kissam, Eager, McLaughlin—now Gen. McLaughlin—Belloni, Taylor, H. L and A. Slote, Wenman and Thomas, all of whom were of the vets. of 1850 to 1859. Of those of 1860 to 1867 were Messrs. Hinsdale, Righter, Purdy, Bensel, Borsett, McDonald—of the old Putnam Club —John Stanton, etc. Here is a list of members of the club which it is interesting to old ball-tossers to read of as a reminder of days gone by.

The first match of the Knickerbocker Club was played at Hoboken, June 19, 1846, nearly thirty years ago, when they met the old New York Club. In 1851, 1855, they played the Washington Club two games, winning by 21 to 11, and losing by 20 to 22. Their first match with the Gotham Club was in 1854, when the Gothams defeated them by 21 to 16 in a six-teen-innings game. At that time each nine played until 21 was scored. Sometimes they made the score in two or three innings, and then again it would take four times the number. This match was played at the old Red house grounds, the Gotham headquarters at that time. The best game of that year was the Gotham and Knickerbocker match of twelve innings, played at the Red House Oct. 26, 1854, when a drawn game—12 to 12—was the result. The first match with the Eagle Club was played Nov. 10, 1854, the Eagles winning by 21 to 4. On August 30, 1856, they played their first match with the Empire Club, it being a tie game, 21 to 21, at the close of the eighth inning, darkness ending play. On July 8, 1858, the Knickerbocker Club visited Brooklyn for the first time, and they were then and there munificently entertained at Montague Hall by the Excelsiors, after the latter had defeated them on the field by a score of 31 to 13, under the new rules. On Aug. 3 of the same year, the return match was played at Hoboken, the Excelsiors winning by 15 to 14. Then it was that the Knickerbockers gave their Brooklyn friends that grand supper at Oddfellows' Hall, at which poor old Peter O'Brien sang his well-known song of "Uncle Sam's Farm," and that celebrated candle light procession to the Brooklyn Ferry took place. What glorious old days those were! But, without further reference to the old time, we will proceed to describe the proceedings at

DAVIS' TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY,

which took place at Hoboken Sept. 27, 1875, on which occasion the largest gathering of old ball-tossers seen at the classic ground at Hoboken for years past took place, and a delightful afternoon's exercise was enjoyed, the day's occurrences closing with "a supper at Duke's." The day was all that could be desired. The ground was in tip-top order—thanks to the gentlemanly professional of the St. George Cricket Club, Mr. Giles—and "Poor Old Davis" had done everything in the way of providing a carpeted tent for ladies, and plenty of seats for guests, to complete the arrangements. How excited the old boy was, to be sure! Truly was he "a boy again." Everything turned out so propitious that it quite delighted the old vet. By 3 P.M. there was a gathering of the old boys on the field, and some donned uniforms they had not worn for years. Others came wrapped up, to guard against "rheumaticks," as Rip Van Winkle says. In fact, there was quite an assemblage of gray heads and gray beards. First came Dr. Adams, and then Dick Stevens; and who should come over but Curry and Talman—you should have seen the latter pitch—and Murray. Then, too, there was Tryon, the whilom handsome youth of the Eagles; also Thorne, the old Empire pitcher; and Johnny Grum of the Eckfords, the king of short-stops in his day; J. Seaver Page of the Actives, who used to excel at second base; with Dick Oliver, president of the more modern Excelsiors, a club now out of the remembrance of ball-tossers, we regret to say. It would take a column to give the names of the vets. present. By 4 P.M. all was ready for play. On one side were ranged the "old duffers"—as Davis irreverently called them—and on the other the vets. of more recent years, who were considered as "youngsters." These roped in some good players, like the two Kirtlands, and of course had an advantage. A game of five innings was played, and then the younger players made up sides and finished the game. As we had no interest in the work of the latter, we give below only the score of the old men's game.

VETS. OF 1850. R. 1B. P.O. A. | YOUNGSTERS OF 1860. R. 1B. P.O. A.

Dr. Adam, c	0	2	2	0	Davis, p	3	2	1	4
Avery, 1st b	0	1	5	0	Kissam, r f	2	0	0	0
Thorne, p	0	0	1	2	Taylor, 2d b	1	2	3	0
Tucker, 1st b	0	0	6	0	McDonald, 1st b	2	0	6	0
Talman, ss	0	0	1	1	Dorsett, r s	3	2	0	0
Murray, r f	0	0	0	0	Righter, c	3	2	0	2
Bensel, 3d b	0	0	0	1	Kirtland, c f	3	3	1	1
Purdy, 2d b	0	0	1	1	Robinson, 3d b	2	2	1	2
J. Stanton, c f	0	1	2	0	E. Kirtland, s s	2	2	5	2
Currie, r s	0	0	0	0	Walker, l f	0	0	0	0
Totals	0	6	15	4	Totals	21	15	15	11

Vets. of 1850 ..... 0 0 0 0 0 0—0
Youngsters of 1860 ..... 5 0 13 0 3—21

Umpire, Mr. Chadwick.

It is unnecessary to describe the game—suffice it to say, that the "vets." could not get in a single run. Before play commenced, Mr. Davis' daughter entered the field, and, going up to her father, presented him with an elegant silver-embroidered silk sash, on which was inscribed "To Poor Old Davis," for his 25th baseball birthday, with the word "Knickerbocker." Cheers followed the presentation, and then Davis "pitched in." It was no use—the old fellows could not hit his pitching to any purpose, and "white-washing" was the order for them. The game over, carriages were ordered, and the lady guests and old veterans were driven to Duke's Hotel, where, in the private parlors, a sumptuous repast was provided. The presence of the ladies greatly added to the success of the entertainment. Among the fair sex were Mr. Davis' mother and his daughters, all of whom fully enjoyed themselves. Dr. Anthony presided, and remembrances of the veteran on the happy occasion. Then Mr. Taylor presented him with an elegant silver ball and two pairs of morocco cases. The ball was inscribed "To J. W. Davis from his fellow Knicks., 1850-1875," with the words "Toss 'em" on the bats. Speeches were made by Messrs. Oliver, Page, Kissam, Dr. Adams, Niebuhr, Dorsett, Thorne, Righter, etc., Seaver Page's eloquent remarks being especially noteworthy. A memento of the occasion, in the form of a copy of "The Umpire's Guide," was presented by Mr. Kiritand from Mr. Chadwick. The old club-banner was then given to Mr. Davis at the latter's request, and shortly afterwards the party broke up.

We append a copy of the score of the opening game of 1857 between the Eagle and Knickerbocker Clubs:

EAGLE.	R.	KNICKERBOCKER.	R.
Hamilton, f	3	Stevens, p	2
Yates, 1st b	2	Welling, c	2
Brinckerhoff, r	3	Stansbury, 2d b	2
Williams, 2d b	4	Dr. Adams, s s	2
Bixby, p	4	McLaughlin, 3d b	2
Welling, s s	2	Kissam, f	1
Baker, c	1	Grinnell, f	1
Gelston, l f	1	Tucker, 1st b	2
Place, 3d b	3	Davis, r	1
Total	25	Total	16

Eagle	0	4	1	2	2	6	10	0—25
Knickerbocker	0	3	2	7	4	0	0	0—16

Umpires, Anthony and T. W. Mott. Referee, Mr. Teed of Gotham Club. Time of game, 3h.

NEW YORK vs. BROOKLYN.

A game between amateur tens representing New York and Brooklyn was played on the Union Grounds, Brooklyn, N. Y., Sept. 29, when nearly two thousand persons paid the quarter-of-a-dollar fee for admission. The match was arranged by Messrs. Brasher and McDonnell, respectively of the Excelsiors Club of Brooklyn and the Flyaway of New York, and the result would seem to show that the latter had used the more judgment in the selection of his team. In the arrangement of these picked-ten games, it is far better to leave the choice of players to two individuals than to any committee or club delegates, for the latter can rarely agree on a thoroughly competent team; whereas by leaving it an individual matter, a good representation can be secured, as was shown in this instance, the New York team being a very strong one. The Brooklyn team, as a general thing, was well selected; but unfortunately two of the men most depended upon failed to meet expectations, Malone marring his pitching with a costly wild delivery, and A. Smith of the Concords playing poorer than we ever saw him do before—these two being the weak points in the field play of the Brooklyn side.

The contest began at 3.30 P.M., with Mr. Blodgett in the position of umpire, which he ably filled. The New Yorkers lost the toss and were sent to the bat, their first inning's play being marked by a blank, they giving easy chances for outs off Malone's pitching. The opposing team were similarly disposed of, but in better style, Powers making a good running foul-bound catch, and Tracy taking a red-hot line-ball on the left handsome style. In the second inning Shandley led off at the bat with a base-hit; but on Sullivan's ball to Tracy—prettily picked up, but thrown low and badly muffed by Smith—a double play was missed, and by a wild pitch bases were given, and on Tracy's long hit to left field—Rowe holding the ball on the fly prettily—Shandly ran in, New York thereby recording its first run, a very beautiful pick-up by Kennedy—a very promising player indeed—ended the inning; and, as the Brooklyn ten failed to score, though Malone made a base-hit, the New Yorkers took the lead in the game by 1 to 0. In the third inning, after Purcell had been easily caught out, Fallon hit a long ball to left field for three bases, and another run in seemed a certainty; but Hayes fouled out to Crosby, and a pretty running foul-bound catch by Curtin ended the inning, leaving Fallon on third base. This was good play, and the game was now watched with interest. On the other side, Kennedy's fly ball to Hayes was dropped; and as he was assisted in his base-running by a passed ball and a wild throw, an unearned run was scored, thereby tieing the New York score and leaving the game in a very interesting position. In the fourth inning Hankisson opened play at the bat, and then began a series of errors, which practically gave the game to the New Yorkers. First, Smith muffed a ball, then Malone gave bases by wild pitching, and, Shandly adding a base-hit, a run was scored. Then Sullivan took his base on called balls—nine wild-pitched balls—and, Powers following with a base-hit, two more runs were secured. Then, too, after two men had been put out, Purcell and Fallon made base-hits, no less than five unearned runs being scored, when, but for Smith's error and Malone's wild pitching, not a run would have been obtained. From this time forth the Brooklyn ten failed to add to their score, and they made only four base-hits in eight innings' play. In the interim improved play was shown by the Brooklyn ten, in consequence of a change in the position of their players, Crosby going behind the bat, and Curtin taking Malone's place in pitching, the latter going to second base, where he fielded well; Crosby and Smith being sent to the outfield. In the seventh inning the New Yorkers got in on Curtin in rather lively style, Loughlin, after two men were out, hitting a red-hot liner to Woods, who could not hold it, and, as Hankisson, Shandly and Sullivan made base-hits, two unearned runs were scored, the first striker getting a base on called balls. On Sullivan's base-hit Hankisson imprudently tried to run home, and by a pretty throw in by Redmayne he was captured at the home-base. In the previous inning a pretty double-play at first base by Purcell and Isherwood, who both played their positions well. In the eighth inning Powers marked his fine play behind the bat with a sharp tip-catch low from the bat, the best of the match, and he took another in the tenth inning. Grierson also made four fine catches in the last four innings. Had Curtin pitched in the beginning, the score of the New Yorkers would have been considerably smaller. At the close of the tenth inning the score stood 8 to 1 in favor of New York.

NEW YORK.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.	BROOKLYN.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Fallon, p	5	0	2	2	2	1	Rowe, l f	5	0	0	2	0	0
Hayes, r	5	0	1	1	0	2	Crosby, c	4	0	0	1	0	2
Loughlin, 2d b	5	0	1	1	4	0	Wood, 1st b	4	0	0	6	0	0
Hankinson, r s	5	1	1	1	1	0	A. Smith, r f	4	0	0	1	0	0
Shandley, c	4	2	2	4	0	0	Grierson, c	4	0	0	12	0	1
Sullivan, c f	4	1	1	2	0	0	Malone, p	4	0	0	2	2	3
Powers, c	4	1	2	7	3	0	Curtin, 2d b	4	0	0	2	2	0
Tracy, s s	4	0	3	3	4	1	Kennedy, 3d b	3	1	1	1	4	2
Isherwood, 1 b	4	0	0	10	1	0	Curtin, p	3	0	0	1	0	1
Purcell, 3d b	4	2	1	1	2	2	Brasher, r s	3	0	1	3	2	0
Totals	46	8	12	30	12	6	Totals	37	1	5	30	10	12

New York	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	0—8
Brooklyn	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0—1

First base by errors—New York, 6; Brooklyn, 5. Runs earned—New York, 0; Brooklyn, 0. Bases on called balls —New York, 2; Brooklyn, 1. Best fly-catches by Tracy and Rowe. Best foul fly-catches by Powers, Grierson and Purcell. Best foul-bound by Powers and Curtin. Umpire, Mr. Blodgett of the Amateur Association Club. Time, 1h. 50m.

Of the general play in the game, that of Tracy in the short field was up to Force's highest mark. He is similar to Force in his style of play. Fallon pitched with excellent effect, and he was admirably supported behind the bat by Powers, who was awarded the first prize by the judges—Messrs. M. J. Dillon, F. A. Donnell and H. Chadwick—for the best fielding display in his position on the winning side. Grierson's fine catching on the part of Brooklyn, too, was noteworthy, he being awarded the fielding prize on that side. Rowe's left-field play was quite a feature. In batting, Shandley won the New York prize, and Malone that of Brooklyn. Mr. Chadwick presented a ball to Tracy for his fine short-field play, and he also gave each player of the winning ten a bound copy of his "Umpire's Guide," published by De Witt. The general deportment of the players was commendable. Though one-sided as a match, the game was an enjoyable one to all concerned. A return match is to be played next week, when Brooklyn will present a stronger team; and should the Brooklyn

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical, and Minstrel Professions.

THE CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that by a recent change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canadas, *must be prepaid*, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending 5 P. M., MONDAY, Oct. 4.

LADIES' LIST.

Arlington, May
Adams, Lucille M.
Armond, Arzena
Avery, Carrie Sc.
Boshell, Louise (2)
Briggs, Ada
Bailey, Ella (of Wiedman's Co.)
Beauchamp, Mrs. Emma
Bender, Mrs. Anna
Booth, Josecarter'ss)
Bowers, Mrs. D. P.
Coventry, Jodie
Carreira, Mlle.
Clifton, Minnie (vocalist, etc.)
Chrysostar, Ida
Cooke, Mrs. Wooda
Cassell, Mrs. Fannie
Claseen, Ellen
Deardsen, Fannie (3)
Sc.
Dargon, Angusta L.
Durand, Kittie (with J. Murray)
Du Forest, Zoe
De Yon, Adele
D'Este, Helen
Dare, Leona (2)
Duncan, Stella
Dean, Kate
De Brown, Mad. Louise T.
Emerson, Dollie
Fontainbleau, Mlle. (2)
Foster, Mamie (of Van Amb. Cir.)
Forrest, Nellie (vocalist)
Farnesworth, Abbie
Freeman Sisters
Foy, Ada (2)
Gardner, Carrie
Gorman, Lottie
Gray, Mrs. Alice
Granville, Mrs. Gertie
Girard, Mrs. Emile (of Hennings, Kate
Hindle, Annie
Haslam, Hilda
Hale, Alice (of "Black Crook" Co)
Holman, Julia (of Hoffman Op. Co.)
Hallett, Mrs. Alice
Helene, Belle
Kellogg, Alice
Reynolds, "Vie"
Stone, Emma
Stevenson, Mrs. L. H.
Silvano, Mrs. E. M. (2)
Selwyn, Blanche
Swinburne, Marie
Sheldon, Ella
Sheffield, Lizzie
St. Audley, Rose
Sylvester, Louise
Stanhope, Adeline
Stewart, Eloise A
Smith
Sydney, Mrs. Vernon
Spafford, Miss L. Creed
Sanyeah, Maude
Sutherland, Agnes
St. Maur, Lulu
Sylvester, Louise
Swift, Sallie
Taylor, Marion
Weston, Flora
Weeks, Nellie
Warner, Ella
Worm, Marie
Wood, Carrie
Whinnetta, Emma
Whate, Nettie
West, Eva
Wren, Martha Sc.
Zephy, Millie (2)
Zoerner, Anna (3) Sc.

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Armstrong, C. (of Robin. Minst.)
Allen & Maynard
Allen, Emile
Alexander, Maud (of Queen's Cir.)
Bonhell, Louise (2)
Briggs, Ada
Bailey, Ella (of Wiedman's Co.)
Beauchamp, Mrs. Emma
Bender, Mrs. Anna
Booth, Josecarter'ss)
Bowers, Mrs. D. P.
Coventry, Jodie
Carreira, Mlle.
Clifton, Minnie (vocalist, etc.)
Chrysostar, Ida
Cooke, Mrs. Wooda
Cassell, Mrs. Fannie
Claseen, Ellen
Deardsen, Fannie (3) Sc.
Dargon, Angusta L.
Durand, Kittie (with J. Murray)
Du Forest, Zoe
De Yon, Adele
D'Este, Helen
Dare, Leona (2)
Duncan, Stella
Dean, Kate
De Brown, Mad. Louise T.
Emerson, Dollie
Fontainbleau, Mlle. (2)
Foster, Mamie (of Van Amb. Cir.)
Forrest, Nellie (vocalist)
Farnesworth, Abbie
Freeman Sisters
Foy, Ada (2)
Gardner, Carrie
Gorman, Lottie
Gray, Mrs. Alice
Granville, Mrs. Gertie
Girard, Mrs. Emile (of Hennings, Kate
Hindle, Annie
Haslam, Hilda
Hale, Alice (of "Black Crook" Co)
Holman, Julia (of Hoffman Op. Co.)
Hallett, Mrs. Alice
Helene, Belle
Kellogg, Alice
Reynolds, "Vie"
Stone, Emma
Stevenson, Mrs. L. H.
Silvano, Mrs. E. M. (2)
Selwyn, Blanche
Swinburne, Marie
Sheldon, Ella
Sheffield, Lizzie
St. Audley, Rose
Sylvester, Louise
Stanhope, Adeline
Stewart, Eloise A
Smith
Sydney, Mrs. Vernon
Spafford, Miss L. Creed
Sanyeah, Maude
Sutherland, Agnes
St. Maur, Lulu
Sylvester, Louise
Swift, Sallie
Taylor, Marion
Weston, Flora
Weeks, Nellie
Warner, Ella
Worm, Marie
Wood, Carrie
Whinnetta, Emma
Whate, Nettie
West, Eva
Wren, Martha Sc.
Zephy, Millie (2)
Zoerner, Anna (3) Sc.

Armstrong, Harry
Ala, (trapezist)
Atkins, Will A.
Allison & Brown
Armstrong, Chas. T.
Archer, Charles (pianist) Sc.
Adams, Grimaldi
Barrow, L. L.
Byrne, Fred
Butler, R. W.
Beet, Bros
Benton, Geo.
Brown & Mills
Bryant, W. (of Bryant & Wesl)
Brady, Abner S.
Bryant, W. (of Bryant & Wes)
Bibbs, Francois R.
Bernard, Gus. A.
Barnett, Joseph
Burnett, Alf (2)
Bruce, Robt.
Blood, Col. Jas. H. (3)
Baldwin, J. G.
Brown, E. B.
Brennan & Warde Combination
Berry, J. (late of Tiza Toledo, O.)
Brown, H. M.
Banks, C. L.
Barnabee, H. C.
Barrows
Booth, J. B.
Bennett, Wallace
Bray, Billy
Bailey, Harry
Brown, A. R.
Burnham, Charlie
Barnett, H.
Blossom, Nat
Barsby, Will H.
Blaisdell, W. O.
Bliss, H. (of Van Amb. Cir.)
Brown, Garry M.
Billig, Bro.
Bonham, F. J.
Bloodgood, Harry
Bendrich, G.
Burke, J. Harry (circus "biz")
Braham, Harry N.
Brenn (A. (of Matthews' Co.)
Braham, Harry (p. o. m. Liverpool)
Bent, W. Horace (3) Sc.
Braham, H. (p. o. Hawthon) Ills.
Cole, W. W.
Callender, Chas.
Carr, Mack
Cummings, Jas.
Clarke, Kit
Chase & Davis
Collett, (of Cole's Cir.) (2)
Chappelle, W. J.
Crosby, Seth O.
Carter, L. (of Van Amb. Cir.)
Coburn, F. F.
Carleton, Wm. F.
Cuningham, Al H.
Clifton, Harry (vocalist)
Conway, Mack
Clapp, Lew
Cooper, Geo.
Carson, Kit (2)
Carson, Jr., Kit (of Carson Comb.)
Cottrill, Sam'l.
Crittenden, Romeo
De Vere, Chas. (of Springer's Cir.)
Dacre, Bobby (song-and-dance)
Dumont, Frank (2)
Day, Jas. (of Van Amb. Cir.)
Douglas, H. (with Harry & Gussie Combination)
Doke, Jno. E.
Dashington, Jerry
De Haven, Claude
Dorian, Richard
Davis, J. Chas.
Di Donato, Marcel
Dunlap, Arthur (Tyrolean art.)
De Haven, Paul
Duffy, E. (of Kelly & Leon's Co.)
Dodge, Ben
Eddy, Jr., Ed. (of M. Taylor's Co.)
Eisman, R. (leader)
Elwin, Frank Sc.
Ennis, Will (with Callender)
Evans, F. (with Billie Scoby)
Edwards, Jack H. (of Dup. & Bene.)
Emmett, Chas.
Fuller, Wm. M.
Freeman, J. M.
Fetzer, Frank
Francis, Pete
Failing, Edwin
Fox, Geo. L.
Fleming, M.
Ferdinando, Mons.
Florentine, Mons.
Fannin, J. H.
Freeth, J. (of Bryant's Minst.)
Filton, J. (of Robinson's Circ.)
Gullek, Jas. T.
Goshen, P. (contortionist)
Girard, G. (of N.Y. Com. Co.)
Gardner, E. N.
Glasford, Ed. C.
Good, Chas. M.
Gross, Chas. B.
Gaylord, Lew (2)
Gardner, Harry
Gallagher, Charlie
Gorman, W. E.
Gregory, Thos.
Gaylor, Chas.
Gorsillo, Sig.
Gregory, Jr. Chas.
Goodman, Hank
Griffin, Johnny
Graham, Jno.
Girard, Frank
Gertie, Jay
Goodrich, E. T.
Gorey, Jno.
Gaylord, Wm.
Herwig, Aug (leader)
Harrington & Mc Glone
Hogan, Jno.
Hoyer, E.
Hall, Frank
Howell, V. N.
Henderson, A. (circus "biz") Sc.
Harrington, Jno. C.
Herrmann, Prof.
Hastins, C. F.
Howland, Jas.
Harris, Lin W.
Hogan, Con
Heimer, D. S. & Bro.
Hill, Mr. (of Howe's Cir.)
Heywood, (of Heywood Bros.)
Hawley & Curry (2)
Hopkins, J. D.
Hussey, Frank (2)
Hutchinson, Prof. Wm.
Hague, Ned (circus "biz")
Heywood Bros. Comb.
Hoffner, F. C.
Hemming, Richd.
Howard, Rollin
Heywood, Billy
Heywood, (concert "biz")
Heywood Bros.)
Hassett, J. E.
Hawkins, W. S.
Hart, Harry (Minst. "biz")
Heywood J. (of K. Logan Co.)
Heck, Louis
Hughes, Mark
Hennan, Mr.
Hicky, Jno.
Hector, W.
Henderson, Abe
Irwin, Alfred
Johnson, C. A.
Jee, Jos. (of Van Amb. Co.)
Johnson, J. (manager)
Jones, Arnold
Johnson, Dolph
Jones, Jas. H.
Kirk, Bobby
Kenna, Jno. M. (2)
Kieder, Geo.
Keane, Jos. H.
Kelley, Walter C.
Kirby, Harry
Keil, P. Phil
Lowe, Billy
Lowe, J. H. (with Dup. & Ben.)
Lindley, Geo. (of Robins Minst.)
Goochen, Jas.
Gardner, H. (com'd)
Gannon, Mr.
Giday, Charlie
Gorman, W. E.
Gregory, Thos.
Gaylor, Chas.
Gorsillo, Sig.
Gregory, Jr. Chas.
Goodman, Hank
Griffin, Johnny
Graham, Jno.
Girard, Frank
Gertie, Jay
Goodrich, E. T.
Gorey, Jno.
Gaylord, Wm.
Herwig, Aug (leader)
Harrington & Mc Glone
Hogan, Jno.
Hoyer, E.
Hall, Frank
Howell, V. N.
Henderson, A. (circus "biz") Sc.
Harrington, Jno. C.
Herrmann, Prof.
Hastins, C. F.
Howland, Jas.
Harris, Lin W.
Hogan, Con
Heimer, D. S. & Bro.
Hill, Mr. (of Howe's Cir.)
Heywood, (of Heywood Bros.)
Hawley & Curry (2)
Hopkins, J. D.
Hussey, Frank (2)
Hutchinson, Prof. Wm.
Hague, Ned (circus "biz")
Heywood Bros. Comb.
Hoffner, F. C.
Hemming, Richd.
Howard, Rollin
Heywood, Billy
Heywood, (concert "biz")
Heywood Bros.)
Hassett, J. E.
Hawkins, W. S.
Hart, Harry (Minst. "biz")
Heywood J. (of K. Logan Co.)
Heck, Louis
Hughes, Mark
Hennan, Mr.
Hicky, Jno.
Hector, W.
Henderson, Abe
Irwin, Alfred
Johnson, C. A.
Jee, Jos. (of Van Amb. Co.)
Johnson, J. (manager)
Jones, Arnold
Johnson, Dolph
Jones, Jas. H.
Kirk, Bobby
Kenna, Jno. M. (2)
Kieder, Geo.
Keane, Jos. H.
Kelley, Walter C.
Kirby, Harry
Keil, P. Phil
Lowe, Billy
Lowe, J. H. (with Dup. & Ben.)
Lindley, Geo. (of Robins Minst.)
Lee, Jas. H.
Lyle, Willie E.
Leach, Hugh J.
Lester, Allen, Smith and Waldron
Lindsey, Frank
Melville, Charles (agent)
Mckisson, Jas. T.
Maguire, Jas.
McKee, Andy
Maywood, Jerri (song and-dance)
Morphy, J. C. ("Toodles")
Marsden, Fred
Murphy & Morton
Monilon, Jas. G.
Madlin, A. W.
Murphy & Mack
Myers, (of Hurley & Myers Co.)
Mowry, F. (of Wildman Co.)
Middleton, Geo. W.
McLaughlin, Frank P.
Mount, Fred
Morris, Andrew
Mack, J. W. (of Sher. & Mack)
McGill, Mr. (of McGill & Strong)
McManus, W. H.
McKee, Jno. (musician)
Moore, Master Eddie
Murray, J. (of Forepaugh's Cir.)
Mack, J. H.
Mackley, Fred J. (2)
Maryon, Theophil (of Bryant's Minst.)
Murray, P. (of Wood's Minst.)
Mitchell & Emery
Matlock, Jno. R.
Mathews, C. C.
Montague, Harry Sc.
Mack, Phil
Nelson, Frank H. (2)
Nathan, A. M.
Norton, Nicalo
Nash, Mr. (p. o. m. London, Eng.)
Naomi, Frank
Organ, Wm.
Odell, Jas. M. (2)
Pierce, Geo.
Pritchard, Spencer
Peck, A. S.
Pedrew, Louis P.
Peelle, Stephen G. (2)
Parks, Jof Howe's Cir.)
Prindle, Jno. (trapezist)
Perry, Capt. C. M.
Peirce, A. Le Grand
Pettis, Dr. J. E.
Quigley, J. Frank
Reed, S. (of M. Taylor Comb.)
Robinson, P.
Runnells, F.
Roberts, Sam (vocalist)
Rentrow, J. N.
Rooney, P. (Irish comed.)
Rossel, Eugene
Roberts, J. H
Robbins, C. (Forepaugh's Cir.)
Robbins, Frank (circus "biz") 3c.
Ryder, F. A.
Rowlands, Jas.
Rapier, Jno.
Raymond, Frank
Ritchie, Fred
Riley, Mr. (fabir) (2)
Scott, "Bob"
Snow, Will H. (3)
Sarebinger, Fred
Sheppard, J. W.
Smith, Chas. N.
Streit, R. C.
Stanwood, F. (of "Wild Bill" Co.)
Stowell, E. H.
Stone, Den (of Howe's Cir.)
Schwarz, Peter
Stillman, Dell
Spaulding, Mr. (concert "biz")
Schulze, A.
Schulze, "Papa"
Scott, Eugene
Spaulding, W. P. (2)
Sprague, D. J. (2)
Saville, Stephen
Sullivan, J. H.
Smith, E. P. (of Georg. Minst.)
Smith, ——— (of Springer's Cir.)
Squires, A. P.
Scott, H. F.
Sells, Ad
Saunders, Eddie
Sells' Bros. Circus
Smith, Jno. (of Sadler's Cir.)
Smith, D. H. (with Dup. & Bene.)
Smith, Sid
Saurel, Mons.
Steadon, Jno.
Smith, Wm. A.
Steele, Frank
Simmons, Elias
Stoepel, Harry
Sabey, J. A.
Schneider, Chas. L.
Stanton, ——— (pantomimist)
Stanwood, H. (of Bryant's Minst.)
Seiden, H. D.
Stevens, Chas. H.
Sharp, W. J.
Schoolcraft, Luke (2)
Spencer, Chas.
Spaulding's Concert Co.
Sebastian, Romeo (2)
Stetson, E. T.
Stanley, Ernest
Stahl, Harry
Stetson, Harry R.
Sanford, Jas. (of T. Fanning)
Toomey, W. F. (2) 6c.
Taylor, Prof. E. C.
Trusler, Fred
Turnbull, Edwin
Turner, Jno. F.
Tilton, Chas. H.
Tower, Jno. H.
Victorelli, Oscar
Von Brun, Hugo
Victorelli, Jno.
Vicorelli, Wm.
Wright, H. O.
Wright, Wm. E.
Whiting, Chas.
Watson, Prof. Wm.
Welier, Eugene A. (2)
Worley, Chas. E.
Wells, Wm.
Wagner, Gal
Wood, E. (2)
Ware, Geo. (2)
Wiltshire, Franklin
Weaver, Master Add
Wright, Geo. (of Queen's Cir.)
Williams, Herb. (jester)
Wilson, Jno. (of Robins. Cir.)
Walters, C. (of Walters & Morton)
Welling, W. H.
Washburn, E. (2)
Westbury, D. A.
Wingfield, Jno. (2)
Wilson, Ed.
Ware, Jr., Geo.
Waldron, Wallis
Washburn, Leon W.
Wesley & Casey
Webb, J. H.
Wing, Chas. A
Welling, Albert
Wallace, Harry
Waldron, D. G. (manager)
Williams, J. ("Lancashire Lad")
Walsh, J. K.
Yale, H.
Yale, Admiral
Zobold, Geo. W.

The following professionals are notified of letters, etc., held in the Springfield (Ill.) post-office for them: Geo. S. Gray, H. D. Sheldon, and manager of May Fisk Combination; Emma V. Wray; T. Bragg am Baker; Mrs. Mary Martin; Harry Loomis and J. de Simone of Simone's Comedy Co.

INTRODUCTORY OVERTURE.

MONDAY, Oct. 4, '75.

It is the fashion in this present age of reason to welcome with open arms those artists who come from foreign parts to show us what genius has done for them, and what they are willing to do for us. Time was when artists from abroad dropped down upon us unawares, as it might be, took us by surprise, as you will understand, and got down to their work as if they meant business and no shenanigan, to speak in the fashionable language of the day. In the expressive words of Mr. Shakespeare, they came like spirits, and like spirits did depart. They were content to get away with a few thousand ducats, and, perchance, to speak well of the bridge that carried them over, if we may be permitted to speak in parables. But things have changed in the twinkling of an eye, as it were; and now that we have become proficients in manufacturing our own money, and printing it just as fast as we need it, our brethren and sisters from Italy's sunny clime, from Albion's seagirt shore, and from Emerald's ancient isle are waited hitherward by every steamship, and they receive them as though the wealth of India was ours, as though the riches of Golconda were at our disposal. Tragedy comedy and the lyric art are all alike to us, and their several exponents are met by torchlight processions, and escorted to the biggest hotel the market affords. There was Barry Sullivan, who, when he visited us in 1858 or thereabouts, was as good an *Englishman* as ever came over; but who, on his recent arrival, was found to be a tragedian of *Irish* extraction. But we only look at the man—we don't care where he comes from, nor whom he belongs to—we worship art, be it ever so humble. To give Barry Sullivan a fitting reception, and to impress him with the growing prosperity of his country, we got out the soldiers, and we trimmed our lamps, like the other wise virgins, so as to be ready at a moment's notice; and we toted him to a first-class hotel not on the European plan, and we dined him, and gave him a hearty breakfast, and we made speeches at him, and encouraged him generally; and in this manner gave him a good boost for his professional tour. And then we did with Titiens (No, no, Jimmy; this is the singer, not the painter)—we went for her like she was a newly discovered gold-mine down in the new Court House; and we carted her to her rooms on the second-floor front, where *ever it is*; and we talked at her, and gave her a free breakfast; and put her in her little bed, and tucked her away for the night, leaving her to dream the happy hours away; and we again trimmed our lamps, and freely burnt the kerosene the while the hired musicians poured forth their tributes in the midnight serenade, and hailed with joy the lyric queen of song, and breathed sweet notes at three dollars and a half per man, with the leader thrown in at five dollars a head. [Is she on a mission of *charity?* Why, how you talk! No, no, James; the charity of these foreign birds of song is the charity that begins at home. We pay her one thousand dollars per night and expenses; and that, mind you, to sing in concert.] And then we got hold of Wachtel of German renown; but we neglected to fill our lamps, and the result was that he got ashore before we could get the horses out, and before we could light up. But we put down his name in our track, and we came up with him just as the Apollo of song got to the Belvidere of victuals. We got him into a corner of this caravanserie, and we talked at him until he went down all of a heap; and in his sweet German accent he gasped out, characteristic of his profession, the well-known words: "Give us a rest," which we gave him a *bar's rest*, and then a chorus of five thousand voices sang that thrilling song-and-chorus "Die Wacht am Rhein," with Rhine wine accompaniments. Then we torchered him with a torchlight serenade in brass and other appropriate wind instruments, and we left him for dead. [About a thousand dollars per night, Jimmy, and pretzels, cheese and beer to boot.] And now we are on the war-path for Rossi, the Italian tragedian. We have ordered a fresh cargo of coal-oil, and have fatted a new calf, and are getting everything in readiness to put him through a course of sprouts that will excite his wonder. But the greatest event of the age promises to be the arrival and reception of Billy Dooley, European acrobatic song-and-dance man. For the past fifteen years we have had agents in Europe whose mission was to induce this great artist to make a professional visit to America. In that time, for a month, middlemen, and drinks for the crowd, we have expended sixty thousand dollars; and it is only at this moment that he has consented to make a tour of the States. Although he is extremely averse to sea-sickness, he has, at the urgent solicitation of the American people, signed a contract to give only one hundred performances in this country. When Billy Dooley was but one year of age he gave undoubted evidence of future greatness in his acrobatic efforts. At two years he could flip; at three years he could flop; and when he had attained the ripe age of four years, he could, while turning cart-wheels and somersaults, give the most perfect rendering of "Two-legged Jimmy" that was ever heard outside of the Conservatory of Music at Milan! We remember but a few lines of this rare brochure, but those few lines will give the cultivated reader a fair idea of the treat in store for them:

TWO-LEGGED JIMMY.

Oh, as down Broadway I went one night,
A-hunting a peanut-stand,
A maiden girl did me entwirl
And catch me by the hand
(Flip-flop, and eccentric movements.)
In vain I tried to flee from her,
'Twas useless to repine.
"Oh, tell to me your name," said she,
"And I will tell you mine!"

Chorus.—"Oh, I am Jim, the two-legged man, *(Flip)*
The two-legged man am I *(Flop)*;
In London mid I turned 'em wild
By leaping up so high."
(Flip-flop, and leap over an elephant.)

Her hand it lingered into mine,
And she it froze to hers;
And then we wandered hand in hand—
It gave my heart a turo.
(Flip-flop and cart wheel.)

"Oh, maiden fair, with yellow hair,
I pray you tell me all—
Your name?" The maiden sweetly said:
"I'm the girl that was born with a caul!"

Chorus.—"Oh, I am Jim, the two-legged man, *(Flip)*
The two-legged man am I *(Flop)*;
In London mid I turned 'em wild
By leaping up so high."

"The girl with a caul," cried all *(Flop)*.
"With a hop and a bound, I made 'em stand round
The day I was born with a caul!"
(Leap over twenty-three horses and a sea-coal!)

We have given you a mere outline of this song-and-dance man, who set London, Paris and Berlin wild. Here are a few extracts from the papers of the day:

From the London Times. [*Thunderer.*—ED CLIP.]

The great attraction at Covent-garden is Billy Dooley, the celebrated song-and-dance artist. He made his London debut last night before the crowned heads of Europe, the elite and beauty of society, and the critics of the metropolitan press His "Two-legged Jimmy" is a *chef d'oeuvre*, and is sufficient to stamp him as the song-and-dance artist, *par excellence*, of the country. Words fail to describe the transcendent beauties of his marvelous performances. We understand that negotiations are pending for a visit to America. The London stage will be unable to fill the void during his absence. The Queen has commanded him to give an entertainment, before the royal family at Windsor Castle, previous to his departure for America.

From the Le Temps. [*The Times, Paris.*—ED CLIP.]

Vive le Billie Doolee! Le Jollie Parfumeuse est mort! Vive le Billee Doolee! All Paree est vild de la cour et la grande Billy Dooleé! Proud Amerique veel rase de monument to his grande acceptment, and do le honneur to le impressement of le Billee Doolee, et l'Amerique! Bon voyage!

(Translation for THE CLIPPER *by the Editor.)*

(Long live Mr. William Dooley, Esquire, the unrivaled acrobatic song-and dance marvel! "The Pretty Perfumer," that has long held the public spellbound by the power of his fascinations, *is dead!* Killed by Billy Dooley, who, like the late George Washington, is first in the hearts of countrymen! The great heart of Paris beats wildly over the fame of this renowned artist, and France is now in a fever of excitement, while all the world when other portions claim his genius as their own. Proud America! that great land of the West—where Freedom plants her flag on high, and bids welcome to the downtrodden of every clime, every clime, has made arrangements in his honor, and embalm his name in the archives of the Centennial. He has accepted America's invitation to visit the shores of the Land of the Bullcau, and this unparalleled genius, the greatest nation on the face of the earth. A safe voyage, and may favoring gales speedily return him to his loved France!)

From the Berlin Volksblatter (*German folks' Bladder.*—ED. CLIP.]

Vas is das spiel hemmer, vos is der varidt? Vat! you haben die Billy Dooley? Ah! ha! Vell now dat life vat I makes keys, vou vas do as turkeys vas do; zoa! You go me owed by de Berliner straus vere dot Billy Dooley hafe leere! Eins you see dose song-mit-dance, you vas die! Billy Dooley mit pizen! Son and-swanz elefants and eat sea-kor jump over dot Billy Dooley, vile he sing "Sut me oued his Leetle Fed!" Der Kaiser Willeim und hees Berlingen sol-dats vas by gollies haben ven dose Wilhelm Dooley do perform. I baed you der beers dot no German mans jump over dose elefants and see-kows zo like as Billy Dooley vas do. Vat! He go by Nu Yorick auf de Emperor vas leef heem vent. Yah, dot's so! Auf you vas hear heem sing dose "Two-legged Jimmy," you geef heem vild abblause.

(Translation by the Editor of THE CLIPPER.]

One half the world knows not how the other half lives. We have been led to these remarks by the advent in the city of Berlin of the most wonderful song and dance artist that civilization has produced. Have you not heard of Herr W. Dooley? Strange! Why, he is in everybody's mouth; he is the synonyme of every eye, the very embodiment of the wonder of the age. Not to see Billy Dooley, Esq., is to live in vain. When one is in a strange land, he endeavors to see and to enjoy the things that belong to that land. Not so with us, kind reader, to the mammoth hall in Berliner street, where Mr. Dooley holds his daily seances. Frenchmen are proud to exclaim: "See Paris and die!" Italians may be pardoned in saying: "See W. Dooley, Esq., and *live!*" for his marvelous performances give the world something to live for. W. Dooley is life! His great leap over twenty-six elephants and his wonderful sea-cows, while he imparts to the listening ear the pathetic words of the sentimental ballad "Put Me in my Little Bed," has never been approached, much less equaled. The Emperor William, Prince Bismarck and the Court of Berlin attended the debut of this phenomenon last night; and the Prince was heard to say that no man in all Germany, so far as his knowledge and observation extended, had ever accomplished the feat of leaping over twenty-six live elephants and two equally live sea-cows. Praise from the Prince were praise indeed. Mr. Dooley has been offered a fabulous sum to give a series of his attractive seances in the United States, and, with the permission of the Emperor, he will leave for New York at an early day. His touching acrobatic song-and-dance of "Two-legged Jimmy" has made him a world-wide reputation. May he speedily return to us!

We have no room for further extracts. He will speak for himself anon. In the meantime, a committee has been appointed to prepare for his reception. It is composed of our merchant princes, bankers, brokers, lawyers, editors, and the very head and front of our aristocratic society. Mayor Wickham and the City Fathers will go down the bay to meet the vessel freighted with such a gifted charge; the entire Fire Department, with new torches, will meet the procession at Castle Garden; the Ninth, Seventh, Sixty-ninth, Seventy-first, and other regiments will participate, and citizens generally will join the cavalcade. Stores will be closed during the progress of the cortege. Rooms have been taken for Mr. Dooley and his retinue on the ground floor of Hotel de Spanlin, Rue de Broadway. Due notice will be given of the day for commencing the sale of seats for the opening performance. He is to receive two thousand dollars in gold for each performance, and all hotel and other expenses paid. [Owing to the importance of the subject, our readers will pardon us for omitting our usual budget of eccentricities.—ED. CLIP.]

CITY SUMMARY.

THE LAST WEEK OF "Around the World" at the Academy of Music will be the present. It was a somewhat bold enterprise for the Kiralfy Brothers to produce a spectacular drama in a theatre the stage of which is ill adapted to such a purpose as that which had little or no reputation as a dramatic establishment; yet the successful and profitable run which this spectacle has enjoyed proves that their judgment was correct. They overcame the lack of appliances for the working of heavy mechanical scenes constantly found in first-class theatres, and the spectacle was presented in a thoroughly effective manner. The beautiful scenery, the gorgeous costumes, the graceful dancers, the effective tableaux and processions, and the wonderful mechanical effects have combined to form one of the most pleasing and attractive spectacles ever presented in this city, and one which, we think, should give the best of satisfaction in the neighboring cities, where it will be shortly produced in precisely the same style of magnificence and thoroughness as at the Academy. To enable the managers to do this, every person connected with the present production, including the machinists and stage-hands, will be transported to the various cities where the spectacle may be produced. During the past week George Metkiff replaced W. T. Fleming (who left to fulfill other engagements, previously made) as Phineas Fogg, and acted that character in a natural and effective manner. Those who have not, as yet, witnessed this charming spectacular entertainment will please to remember that it will be positively withdrawn after the evening performances of Oct. 9.

A SPICY PROGRAMME was presented by those black disciples of Momus yclept the San Francisco Minstrels, during the past week, at their cozy opera-house on Broadway. The freshest morsels included a ballad entitled "The Mills Come Again," effectively sung by J. A. Barney; "Old Aunt Jemima," comically vocalized by Billy Birch, and "I Dearly Love to Ramble in the Dell," by Carl Rudolph, in the first-part. In the olio Johnson and Powers gave a song-and-dance entitled "Pretty as a Daisy," Add Ryman ejaculated fresh witticisms in his burlesque on "The Financial Crisis," and the sketches of "The Rival Politicians" and "Boarding-house Theatricals" introduced all the comedians in funny situations, and their comicalities caused much laughter. Business quite satisfactory.

THE FIRST APPEARANCE of M. O'Reardon, tumbler-onicon performer, and the reappearance of Harper and Stansill, one-legged song-and-dance men, and Harry Munroe, comic vocalist, comprised the only changes at the Olympic Theatre since our last report. The performances of these are so familiar to our readers, and have been so frequently reviewed, that they now demand no further attention than to say that they were all fully up to their customary standard of excellence, and gave the best of satisfaction. A large business has been done.

COTTON & REED'S MINSTRELS are doing a steadily increasing business at Darling's Opera-house, which is well deserved, as the company is a good one, and every member exerts himself to please. The most recent changes in the programme include "Say You Won't Forget Me, Darling," sung by A. Clark; "The Day When You'll Forget Me," by J. W. Lamont; "The Weeping Willow," by Ben Cotton; fresh jokes by Eugene, among the best of bourlesque prima-donnas; and the sketches of "Out All Night" and "Rapid Transit, or Blown Up Alive." Charles Templeton also sang a ballad in the olio.

A CONSTANTLY INCREASING ATTENDANCE at the Park Theatre has induced Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Florence to postpone some of their provincial engagements, and thereby our citizens are enabled to still longer enjoy their comical impersonations in "The Mighty Dollar." An improvement is noticeable in both of these portraitures, by reason of the curtailment of the less effective portions of the dialogue, and the addition of apropos sayings, and business which has stood the test of public criticism. No immediate changes be contemplated.

NO CHANGE has occurred at Booth's Theatre since our last report. Mr. Belmore's acting of the old jockey continued to give great satisfaction, and the attendance has been good.

H. J. MONTAGUE has returned from Europe.

MR. SIMPSON the elocutionist has returned to New York with his accomplished wife, and they offer themselves to lyceums and associations as lecturers, readers, etc. The press tributes to their capabilities are numerous and complimentary.

E. T. STETSON was the star attraction at the Bowery Theatre the past week, acting in "Neck and Neck" until Friday evening, when "Belphegor" and "The Broken Sword," with Mr. Stetson in the title-role of the former and as Edward in the latter, were substituted, and ran the remainder of the week. Attendance fair. Mr. Stetson will continue this week, acting in "Beggars on Horseback."

THE ONLY CHANGE in the performances at the Theatre Comique during the past week was the addition of a picked team from "The Regular Army, Oh!" to the rifle-shooting match between the Skidmore and Mulligan Guards. This travestie as held the boards three weeks, and has created abundant mirth. The theatre has been crowded nightly.

"MIGNON" will open the short season of English opera by the Kellogg Troupe at Booth's Theatre, commencing Oct. 11. The cast remains the same as on its former production in this city, Miss Kellogg sustaining the title-role. During the first week of the engagement "Ernani," "Bohemian Girl," "Faust," "Huguenots" and "Fra Diavolo" will be successively presented. "The Lily of Killarney," a lyric work by Sir Julius Benedict, the story adapted from "The Colleen Bawn," is promised during the second week of the engagement.

AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE, "La Fille de Mme. Angot" will retain the boards until Wednesday, Oct. 6, when "Giroflé-Girofla" will be presented, with Miss Adelaide Neilson in the title-role, a dual impersonation in which she made a successful debut before the New York public last season. Offenbach's "Le Canard a Trois Becs," liberally translated "The Wonderful Duck," is announced for production shortly, and to succeed "Giroflé-Girofla," its representations closing the opera-bouffe season on the 23d.

THE EIGHTH ANNUAL BENEFIT of the Benevolent Protective Order of Elks takes place at Booth's Theatre on Thursday afternoon, the 28th inst. The style of entertainment that is to be presented will be entirely different from any heretofore offered. Instead of consisting of nothing but variety, there will be a strictly first-class dramatic and operatic performance, interspersed with the best specialty artists, culled from the several variety and minstrel halls in the city. The prices of admission will be one dollar to orchestra, orchestra circle and balcony, fifty cents to family circle, and twenty-five cents to gallery. No seats will be reserved excepting the private boxes.

THE PARK MERRACCHAPPAS THEATRE is to be opened for the regular season on Oct. 4, under the management of Tony Pastor, whose popularity as a vocalist is patent to our readers. He will be assisted by E. G. Brown as treasurer, D. B. Hodges business agent, and Frank Girard stage-manager. The opening company will include Gus Williams, the well-known Dutch comique; Sanford and Wilson, Ethiopian musical-sketch artists; McKee and Rogers, grotesque song-and-dance performers; Miss Jennie Morgan, vocalist; Carrie and Charles Austin, Zouave-drill exponents; William Carleton, Irish character vocalist; the Freeman Sisters, musical sketch artists; John and Maggie Fielding, character duetists; the Leston Brothers, acrobats; Ross and Adonis, velocipede riders; Leopold, Ethiopian comedian; and Tony Pastor, comic vocalist. Matinees will be held on Tuesdays and Fridays, and the prices of admission will be $1, 50cts. and 25cts.

PROF. LAWRENCE'S TROUPE of "Golden Statue" artists, De Witt Cook and Lucy Sinclair, were the fresh appearances at the Metropolitan Museum last week. Prof. Lawrence and a number of well-shaped females appeared in a series of groupings upon a revolving platform. Some eight tableaux of classical subjects were given, which met with due appreciation. De Witt Cook evinced proficient skill in swinging Indian clubs, and Lucy Sinclair's solo comic vocal efforts apparently grave satisfaction. The present season was closed Oct. 2. Attendance fair.

MISS JENNIE HUGHES has returned from Europe.

MISS MARIAN MORDAUNT, who has been seriously ill for several weeks past, is, we are happy to state, slowly improving. She has gone to the country for a change of air.

F. S. CHANFRAU attracted large audiences to Wood's Museum during the past week, to witness his thoroughly artistic and natural portrayal of Kit in the drama of that name, which received a fair mounting and was satisfactorily acted. At the customary matinees "Oliver Twist" formed the attraction.

JOHN T. RAYMOND closed his engagement at the Union-square Theatre with the performances of Oct. 2. During seven weeks "Col. Sellers" has entertained the patrons of this theatre, and the average attendance may be said to have been large. Considering that this piece enjoyed a long run at the Bull's Head, it is in doing we "took her by surprise," as surprises go nowadays. Union square, opposite which "the sweet singer of Israel" is sojourning, was radiant with brilliancy from numerous calciums and the long row of gaslights in front of the little cottage on "the plaza." At about eleven o'clock p. m. members of the Centennial Choral Union and some citizens assembled in front of the Everett House. The dulcet strains of the band were heard, and speedily enlisted the attention of the people returning to their homes from Gilmore's Garden and the Union-square Theatre, who, attracted by curiosity, paused and helped swell the throng. A male chorus then rent the air. Then the band tried to lure the song-bird from her gilded cage by the performance of various popular *German* airs; but still she came not. The rays of light from several calciums, concentrated upon a little balcony, told us where to look for *her*. The usual inquiries as to "Where is Fisher?" and "Where is Nilsson?" all squitting themselves creditably. Prof. Bendix and orchestra furnished the grand music. The opera was conducted by Alfred Arthur, who deserves praise. The opera was repeated Oct. 1. The bill for the matinee and evening will be "School." Lawrence Barrett commences Oct. 11, instead of 4. Daly's Fifth-avenue Company occupy the above house next (this) week, and will undoubtedly be greeted repeatedly, and, at the conclusion of the tune, applauded fervidly. But, oh! when the band struck up "Yankee Doodle," her enthusiasm knew no bounds; her little hands applauded "vociferously;" and when it was discovered that she wore an overskirt of light blue, while her throat and head were well wrapped in a parti-colored cloud of *red* and *white*, all "accidentally" donned in her hurried "get up," *the spectators were overcome;* and, as the strains of music

THE VAUDEVILLE THEATRE, Louisville, Ky., continues to do a heavy business under the new management of the Chapman Brothers, who have been, thus far, more successful in running a variety theatre than any others we have hitherto had here. The performances are devoid of all slang and vulgarism. Among the new arrivals on Sept. 27 were the Barlow Brothers, song-and-dance men, who appeared to advantage in their plantation eccentricities; the Star Sisters, terpsichorean artists, who are above the average; Johnny Murphy, Irish songster, who sang several entirely new songs and received several recalls; Worden and Mack, grotesque song-and-dance men and negro comedians, who produced their specialty, "Little Ruby," and received their share of recalls. For the purpose of attracting and pleasing the ladies and children, the Chapmans propose giving a Saturday floral matinee, each lady and child being presented with a floral offering. The newcomers on Oct. 4 are to be Wannetta Craven, Minnie Rainforth, Mlle. Ross, Ada Lauren, James and Baby McDonald, and Burt Clark. Murphy and Mack depart on Oct. 2 for St. Louis. Letter of Sept. 30.

THE CLAIRE SISTERS are now performing at the Theatre Comique, St. Louis, Mo., where managers desiring to engage them for vacant dates after Dec. 27 can address.

AT THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Milwaukee, Wis., business is reported to be good. The artists performing there last week were Sam Cole, general business; Nat Blossom, acrobatic song-and-dance; the Misses Barretta, McGowan and Levy, serio-comic vocalists; Will. Webber, song-and-dance; and Joe Purdy, straight business. Departures Oct. 2: Nat Blossom, Miss Baretta, Alice McGowan and Hattie Leroy. To open Oct. 2: Mons. and Mme. D'Omer, Jennie Cole and Millie Illes. First-class performers are advertised for.

MARTHA WREN and James Collins commence a two weeks' engagement at the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, N. Y., Oct. 4, and open at Front-street Theatre, Baltimore, Md., 18.

VARIETY performers are wanted at the Church-street Opera-house, New Haven, Ct. See Managers Hogben & Martin's card.

A PLANIST well up in the business, who can call for dancing, sing, etc., is wanted by Dan Wright, who advertises.

AT THE ATLANTIC VARIETIES, Toledo, O., attractive young ladies in all branches of the profession are wanted. Address Stewart & Steinbrecher, proprietors, as per card.

A FEW OPEN DATES for first-class dramatic and variety stars are offered at the FRONT-street Theatre, Baltimore, Md. See advertisement.

A PLANIST and Leader of Orchestra who can play and perform at the date of our latest advices: Frankie Elmo, serio-comic; Mollie Archer, change-artist; Mollie Sommers, Dutch vocalist; Zella Hayward, vocalist; Annie Sommers, dancer; Nellie Collins, jig-dancer; Daisy Dean, ballad-ist; Charles Wilson, Ethiopian performer; Ted O'Neal, Irish comedian; Horace Wambold, banjoist; and Pete Cannon, Irish vocalist.

NED MASON'S COMBINATION showed in Lawrenceville, N. Y., Sept. 28, North Lawrence 29, 30, East Stockholm Oct. 1, Skinnerville 2, and are to show in North Stockholm 4, Norfolk 5, Hammondville 6, Madrid 7, Chase's Mills 8, 9, Waddington 11.

JENKINS AND WOOD were the only fresh appearances at the Bella Union, Cheyenne, W. T., since our last report.

THE LENTON FAMILY, gymnasts, are now performing at the Metropolitan Theatre, Indianapolis, Ind., where they can be addressed, or care of this office.

THE WAITE SISTERS, now engaged at Trimble's Varieties, Pittsburg, Pa., will be at liberty after Oct. 25 for their specialties or burlesques.

THE HEATWOOD BROTHERS' COMBINATION performed in Windsor, N. H., Oct. 1, 2, White-river Junction 2, and are to show in South Royalton, Vt., 4, West Randolph 5, Northfield 6, Barre 7, Montpelier 8, Waterbury 9.

WM. B. SMITH publishes a notice, stating that he has leased the variety theatres at Grand Rapids, Bay City, and East Saginaw, Mich., and he desires specialty artists to communicate with him.

ANDY MCKEE and Steve Rogers, now performing at Tony Pastor's Metropolitan Theatre, New York, state that their first open date is Dec. 27.

DAVIS & CO., theatrical agents, Cincinnati, O., advertise for serio-comic vocalists, song-and-dance and other variety performers.

MILLIGAN AND LINCOLN, acrobatic song-and-dance and specialty artists, advertise in this issue.

WALLA LEONARD, in his card in other column, cautions all parties against the use of the name "Prince Leo," as he has the same copyrighted.

PRINCE LEO, child artist in tight-rope performances, and the Leonards—Walla and Nellie—advertise elsewhere. They are at present fulfilling an engagement at Miller's Garden, Philadelphia, Pa.

LOTTIE GRANT, vocalist, is at present at the Central Theatre, Baltimore, Md.

HARRY CLIFFORD, in Maeder's sensational drama of "Lightning Bob," is playing at the Front-street Theatre, Baltimore, Md.

JERRY DASHINGTON has opened a school of instruction in clog, jig, song-and-dance and fancy dancing, and advertises to fit pupils for the stage.

CHARLES E. DOBSON, banjo-soloist, begins an engagement at Fox's American Theatre, Philadelphia, Pa., Oct. 4. He has open dates, and can be addressed as advertised.

THE LENTON BROTHERS, in their drawing-room acrobatic and contortionistic act, will be open for engagements after Oct. 11. They can be addressed care of this office.

VARIETY ARTISTS desiring engagements at Trimble's Varieties, Pittsburg, Pa., can address Fred. Aims, as per advertisement.

A SONG-AND-DANCE lady and other performers are advertised for by A. C. Taber.

CHAS. KONOLLMAN, Dutch comique, is open for engagements. See card.

ALPHONSE LEROUX and Mlle. Emoclew, double-trapeze artists, publish testimonials from Wm. Pastor and W. H. Woodley, and comments from the press, all speaking in complimentary terms of the performances of these artists. Their first open date is Nov. 15, and they can be engaged though their agent, Jno. L. Sanford, who advertises.

AT MILLER'S WINTER GARDEN, Philadelphia, the new faces last week were Miss Sallie Eldridge, Miss Emma Abrams, and Nellie Seymour, Al Smith and troupe of trained dogs, and Harry Miller. Ed. Banker will make his reappearance here on the 4th inst. Many improvements have been made here of late.

HARRIGAN AND HART are still meeting with success, as will be seen by extracts from Washington papers, published in another column. They will appear in New Haven, Ct., Oct. 5, Middletown 6, Hartford 7, Providence, R. I., 8, 9, 11, Newport 12.

ELLA WESNER underwent a severe and dangerous surgical operation in Baltimore, Md., on Sept. 24, by which she was entirely relieved of a troublesome affliction with which she has suffered for some years.

DICK RALPH, song-and-dance performer, who has suffered intensely for some months past with inflammatory rheumatism, attempted to commit suicide by hanging, during the past week, in the cellar of his residence in New Lots, L. I. His mother discovered him in the act, and assistance being summoned, he was cut down and resuscitated.

PROF. NEAL SMITH and educated dogs can be engaged by addressing as per card.

HARRY WALLACK, in conjunction with Prof. Leathwood, is prepared to give his musical performances denominated "The Musical Cabinet," which is advertised as a novel combination of original instruments. They can be secured for open dates through their agents, Simmonds & Wall.

SERIO-COMIC VOCALISTS and song-and-dance artists are wanted by Lane & Weaver, dramatic and variety agents, who advertise.

FEMALE PERFORMERS, in all branches of the business, are wanted at Harry Hill's Variety Theatre. See card.

THE CARLYLES, Hittie George and John, in their parlor entertainment, are open for engagements, and can be communicated with as per advertisement. They publish a testimonial from Col. Sinn.

FEMALE TALENT is wanted at the Grand Central Variety Theatre, Richmond, Va. See advertisement.

VARIETY PERFORMERS are advertised for by the proprietors of the Trevolli Theatre, Peoria, Ill.

DELEHANTY AND CUMMINGS, song-and-dance and sketch artists, are very favorably spoken of by the Baltimore press, as will be seen by extracts in another column, and they caution all parties against performing their sketches without their consent.

EMERSON AND CLARK, song-and-dance artists, can be addressed care of this office by managers desiring to secure them for vacant dates.

CHARLEY SHAY'S QUINCUNCTERIAL is billed at Newark, N. J., Oct. 6, New Brunswick 6, Newton 7, Easton, Pa., 8, Reading 9.

MLLE. ZULELLA, wife of Mons. Ventini of the Ventini Pantomime Troupe, presented her husband on Sept. 26, at Newark, N. J., with a son weighing eleven pounds. Mother and son were doing well at last accounts.

BRANT'S HALL, Harrisburg, Pa., was opened on Sept. 28, as the Grand Central Varieties, by Dr. E. W. Dunham, alias Charley Hall, formerly stage-manager of the Montpelier, as proprietor, and Col. (?) Boone as manager, wrote our correspondent, without date, continuing: "The company consists of Madam Lopez and family, contralto performers; Frank Gayton, Bob Wilson, Barry Carter, stage-manager; Blanche Roselle, Frankie Carlton, Bella Pascal, and Prof Gregory, trapezist. The opening was a grand success, nothing but standing-room being obtainable after the commencement of the performances. On Sept. 27, 28, 29, the attendance fell off considerably, and at the close of Wednesday evening's performance Dr. Dunham and Col. Boone skipped the town without paying the orchestra, under the direction of Prof. Weber, or any of the company. The performers were left without funds, with board-bills unpaid. During the rest of the week the Varieties was run by the company, under the management of Barry Carter, for the purpose of obtaining funds to leave the city."

THE ODEON VARIETY THEATRE, Newark, N. J., has been doing a good business the past week. The newcomers Sept. 27 were Virginia Stickney, a serio-comic vocalist of fair ability; Quilter and Goldrich, two clever song-and-dance men, whose songs-and-dances were redemanded nightly; John T. Kelly, who, in his act of "Mrs. McGee's Hotel," provoked mirth and was warmly applauded. The Irish vocalisms of Alice D'Erina were above the average and were well received, and Prof. Leon and Sons, in their gymnastic and acrobatic feats, elicited hearty applause. Departures 2: The Cawthorne Brothers, to Washington; and John T. Kelly and Alice D'Erina, to Col. Sinn's, Baltimore. Announced for 4 are Blanche Selwyn and Louise Henderson.....The business of the Metropolitan the past week has been large. The Boissets, Sarony, the Sharpley Brothers (but not Sam and Fred, as they were billed during the first of the week, thus misleading a great many of Fred Sharpley's friends, and playing with fire in using the name of the new act), Carl and Sam Sharpley—an act on their part without the first claim for excuse), Little Pauline and her pony, William Fredericks and Carrie Lavarnie. The Boissets established a reputation when last here, and sustained it admirably. Sarony is a good comedian; the Sharpley Brothers were fair; Carrie Lavarnie gave satisfaction; Wm. Fredericks in his globe-running act is the best ever seen at this theatre; L. Ille Pauline and her pony were clever. Departures 2: Carrie Lavarnie, Providence, and the Sharpley Brothers to New York. Announced for 4 are Minnie Archer, serio-comic, her first appearance in this country, and Virginia Stickney. Letter of Oct. 2.

THE GRAND CENTRAL, Troy, N. Y., opened with a packed house Sept. 27, but good business did not continue. The management is would-be at fault for this, as the company contained no comic element, either Ethiop'an, Dutch, or Irish. The extravagantly-announced "California Quartet" turned out to be four Cohoes boys, badly made up, and poor singers. The sketches by Martha Wren and James Collins, and by the La Verde Children, Theodosius Bowler's and Alice Bennett's singing, and the juvenile military business pleased. Harry Phillips succeeds A. R. Phelps in the stage-management Oct. 4, the latter remaining in stage and box-office relations. The departures Oct. 2 were Martha Wren and James Collins, to Trenton; Alice Bennett, Campbell and Bowler, and Flynn and Lacy, to the Capitol, Albany; the La Verdes and Alice Rhind, to New York; the Kine Brothers, to Cleveland; Wallace and Fenton, unknown. The bookings for Oct. 4 are Hugh Fay, Bob Scott and Patti Rosa, Harry Phillips, Welsh and Murphy, and Charles Hepsert. W. H. Lloyd, who left the Opera-house company in an abrupt manner, is engaged here as juvenile man. Letter of Oct. 3.

BARTLEY CAMPBELL'S play of "Little Sunshine" was presented at the Fifth-avenue Comedy Theatre, Pittsburg, Pa., on Sept. 27, and every night and at the matinées during the week, with the exception of Oct. 1, adding: "Lillie Wilkinson's portrayal of Lilly Davis is praiseworthy, and the Tony Tucker of Sam E. Ryan is very creditable. Add Weaver and Son, who gave their act 'The Old Man's Drunk Again;' Seaman and Somers, among the best of vocalistic song-and-dance men; and Morans and Duffy, stoggists, and from Pittsburg, I believe, were the fresh attractions in the olio. The prices of admission have been reduced, but business shows no material improvement. Edmund Pierce is announced for Oct. 4.....The three Waite Sisters, Miss Sallie Moore, Lew and Pauline Barlow, Emma Bridges, Minnie Seamon, Sadie Connelly, Lottie Grant, the Irwin Sisters, Western and Walling, Samuel and Maud Senyah, Walby Sisters, and the two Haleys were the new people at Trimble's Varieties Theatre Sept. 27. A female minstrelsy first-part opened the show, thirteen ladies participating, and Lang and Clark officiating as tambos, Mudge and Emerson as bones, and F. B. Converse as interlocutor. The ladies (a large majority of whom are uniformly clad in short dresses) were seated on cushioned sofas, forming a semi-circle, and the endmen luxuriated in sofa-chairs. A piano, in the rear of the stage, and beyond was stationed the orchestra of the theatre. The stage was prettily carpeted, an extra chandelier furnished a brilliant light, and these performances closed with a national chorus and patriotic representation. In the olio were seen Western and Walling in sketches, the Irwin Sisters in duets, Senyah in globe-spinning, Miss Seamon in vocalisms, Lew and Pauline Parker in sketches, Miss Mason in songs, Emmerson and Clark in songs-and-dances, the Walby Sisters in dances, Haley in their specialties, and the Waite Sisters in their burlesque sketches. The audience on Sept. 27 was the largest of the present season, and the attendance since has been most satisfactory. The additions announced for Oct. 4 are Harry and Leonie Mendel, Kearney and Moran, Miss Kate Forrest, and Eugene Martinez.....The managers of the variety theatres have proffered the courtesies of those places to the newspaper correspondents visiting the city to attend the Industrial Institute from Oct. 7 to Nov. 6."

A WEEK of "Si Slocum" and the Frayne Combination has served to draw a succession of large and enthusiastic audiences to the Howard Athenæum, Boston, Mass. The drama itself is above the average of plays of that class, being quite interesting and not utterly improbable, and the acting has been very good. Frank Frayne, as we have once or twice before had occasion to say, is a very fair melodramatic actor, and Frank Jr. is quite a prodigy, while the trained dog has nightly taken the house by storm. The company from the Providence, R. I., Operahouse has shown itself a very creditable organization, and altogether the entertainment has been a success. The combination closes to-night, and on Monday a regular old-style variety season of a month will be inaugurated. The following stars have been engaged: Mr. and Mrs. Whittingham and the musical prodigy Master Newman, seven years of age; the Poole Brothers, gymnasts; Hughey Dougherty, J. B. Johnson, the Garnella Brothers, William Scanlon and William Cronin, Walters and Morton, Harry Bloodgood, T. M. Lengler, Little Mack, William Barry, Larry Tooley and A. J. Leavitt. The grand shooting-match between the Mulligan and Skidmore Guards will be given for the first time in Boston. Advices of Oct. 2.

AT THE GRAND CENTRAL, Philadelphia, the entertainments are of the large houses during the week ending Oct. 2. Delehanty and Cummings, John Williams, and Hughey Haggerty opened there on the 27th of September. The two former, in their protean musical sketch of "Romance and Reality," made a decidedly favorable impression, enhanced by their neat style of dancing. Haggerty, the "Irish Paddy" dancing, was likewise very well received. Hughey Haggerty's Dutch songs were fairly rendered. One of the most attractive and novel features of the programme was Sig. A. Grossi's new ballet, entitled "The Hungarians," in which the terpsichorean efforts of Mlle. De Rapp and Elise were the most conspicuous. The performance concluded with the drama of "The King and Freebooter," George W. Thompson giving an effective personation of Lord Henry Darling. Charles E. Dobson and Hughey Haggerty closed on the 2d inst. Jolly Nash, Bertha and Lida Delmore, Burcett and Miss Nash, Jas. M. Ward and Miss Winnetta Montague, and Mlle. La Belle Victoria appear on Oct. 4.

CROSSLEY AND ELDER, James O'Neil, and J. L. Davis and his troupe of dogs appeared at Enochs' Varieties, Philadelphia, during the last week. Crossley and Elder met with much applause for the agility and graceful manner of performing their trick of jumping and vaulting. James O'Neil, who is a clever Irish vocalist, met with a favorable reception. J. L. Davis' troupe of dogs evidenced their skillful training by the performance of some surprising feats. The performance concluded with the comic pantomime of "Robinson Crusoe Macaire," in which Allen Manfred distinguished himself as Jacques Strop. Miss Lillie Raymond and Miss Nell West make their first appearance here on the 4th of Oct.

MLLE. VENTUROLI, formerly well and favorably known as a dancer, but who has been confined to her room here in Philadelphia for a couple years by a paralytic stroke, will be the recipient of a complimentary benefit at Enochs' Varieties, in that city, on Thursday afternoon, Oct. 7. A most attractive programme, irrespective of the merited claims of the popular and deserving beneficiary, should have the effect of drawing a large audience on the occasion.

A CASE was heard on the 2d of October in the Court of Quarter Sessions, Philadelphia, in which Mrs. Anna H. Stevens sought to recover from Walla Leonard the possession of her child, aged 8 years, who is known as the Prince Leo. Mrs. Stevens answered an advertisement of the defendant's desire to adopt a child, and had an interview with him, he promising to teach him a trade and educate him. Subsequently she learned that the defendant was teaching the child to perform upon the tight-rope, and ascertained that he was being ill-treated. On the other hand it was averred that the complainant left with what line of business her child was to follow at the time she indentured him to the defendant. Judge Briggs said that, unless the defendant could show that the child joined in the indentures binding him to the defendant, they were illegal. The defendant being unable to do so, the boy was remanded into the custody of his mother.

THE NEW NATIONAL THEATRE now in course of erection at the corner of Tenth and Callowhill streets, Philadelphia, is expected to be ready for occupancy about the end of November. The builders of the new edifice are Messrs. S. P. Rush & Sons, who have charge of the alterations of the Chestnut, Walnut and other theatres of that city. It will be of pressed brick, with marble trimmings. The dimensions are 79 feet on Tenth street by 179 feet on Callowhill street, the Tenth street front being occupied by stores. W. J. Gilmore will manage it as a first-class variety and vaudeville theatre.

THE ATTRACTIONS at the Trevolli, Peoria, Ill., the past week have been many, and the people seemingly give good satisfaction. The engagement of the Tyrolese Troupe, three in number, was the signal for full houses the entire week. Their singing and warbling were finely executed. They remain another week. Tommy Dayton in his general business continues to be a favorite with all. Annie Battelle in serio-comic songs is decidedly a favorite. Lillie Belle dresses with taste, and is a fine vocalist. The farces that are played at this place are mostly the production of Tommy Dayton, and are well cast and mounted. Departures: Emma Jerome, Ida Myers, Billy Scott, and Brown, all to St. Louis. Underlined for Oct. 4: Jennie Oates, Nat Blossom, Miss Burnetta, and Mlle. Leoline. Advices of Oct. 1.

FEMALE PERFORMERS, high-pedestal dancers and gymnasts, and Mr. and Mrs. Whittingham and Master Newman, comedians, instrumentalists, etc., publish a list of their engagements in another column; also an extract from the Philadelphia, Pa., press praising the performance. They can be engaged through their agent, H. A. Bernett.

THE COMEDIAN—Fred and Eva—gymnasts, failed to put in an appearance at Queen's Theatre Comique, Toronto, Ont., on Sept. 27, as announced, having accepted an engagement in Rochester on the same date. Crumley and Deforest, double song-and-dance artists, however, filled up the gap. They are as good a pair as we have seen in this city. Dick Mack, the old favorite, also made his reappearance, having failed to come to an understanding, at present, with Cool Burgess. Arrivals on Oct. 4 will be Walter Gale, change artist; W. C. Butcher, comedian; T. B. Hann and Nora Alberta, in drama. No departures. Business still remains good. Letter of Sept. 30.

AT THE CENTRAL THEATRE, Baltimore, Md., the new variety people on Sept. 27 were the Deveres, in a well-executed clog-dance; the Seigels—Emily and Fred—two graceful dancers; the Herd Sisters, in a character sketch; J. J. Reilley, a skillful juggler; Mlle. Gabrielle, in musical selections on wood and straw instruments; and Clara Belmont, in popular vocalisms. "Too Late, or Kleptomania," constituted the dramatic portion of the bill, and gave satisfaction. Charlotte Stanley, in the principal role, was quite forcible. J. M. Bradford, J. A. Rothwell and R. S. Johns made their first appearances here in the cast. The departures are Katie Forrest, Minnie Grey, the Deveres, Philip Heath, J. W. McAndrews, and Mlle. Gabrielle. To open Oct. 4: Viola Clifton, Lottie Grant, Emerson and Clark, Thos. C. Hedges, John Le Favre Manning, Barney McNulty, and T. H. Graham. Business continues good.....Clara Moore, Fannie Faver and Fannie Duane were the fresh attractions at the Odeon on Sept. 27, and were all well received. Dick Durand, Gertie Woodward, Carrie Woods, and Lio Del Magi are the departures. Mollie Mayfield, Eva Loretta, Dick Smith, and the Lopez Family open Oct. 4.....Affairs at the Centennial Varieties have been satisfactorily arranged, and the place hereafter will be under the management of Frank Howe. The following artists are announced to open Oct. 4: Winnetta Craven, Blanche Rosello, Sallie King, Little Clara, the Clayton Sisters and Kate Freeman. Business of late has been light. Letter of Oct. 2.

THE SUMNER THEATRE COMIQUE, Washington, D. C., did a fair business during the past week. The arrivals Sept. 27 were Kitty Allyne, Jennie Leslie, Lizzie Byron, Frank Nelson and George France. Mr. France essayed four characters in a sensational drama called "Wide Awake," that failed to awake any enthusiasm with the patrons of the Comique. Stage-manager McDowell continues ill, but is pronounced out of danger. The departures Oct. 2 were Alf Miles, Carrie Gardner, the St. Felix Ballet Troupe, Barney McNulty, Nellie Leslie, Charles Leslie and Lily Linden. The announcements for Oct. 4 are Miss Rena in her drama of "The Inside Track," Griffith and Rice, the Cawthornes, Philip Heath and Alfred Liston. The theatre proper will be reopened Oct. 4. It has been refitted, redecorated and improved in every way. A complete set of new scenery has been provided; also a new drop-curtain, painted by Harry Hunter, and representing Mirrimar on the Adriatic, reflects much credit upon the artist.....The Avenue Theatre is prospering. The new stage manager, Fred D. Harris, seems to understand his duties. The new appearances Sept. 27 were Mons. Laizer, trapezist; and Ada Richmond, Lillie Francis and Lizzie Wilson. The last three were permitted to retire after the first night's performance. The departures Oct. 2 were Maude LaMoyne and Jas. Welch, to Cumberland, Md.; Lottie Wentworth, to Norfolk; Dick Smith, to Baltimore; McCullough and Fields and Joe De Witt, to Philadelphia, no fault for which will be imputed. The announcements for Oct. 4 are Minnie Gray, Dody Zanfretta, Carlotta, Lou Edwards, Bourke and Mack. Letter of Oct. 3.

BABY BINDLEY, Ned West and Cincinnatus were the only new arrivals at the Adelphi Theatre, Toledo, O., Sept. 27. N. D. Shimer and Lizzie Johnson were billed, but failed to come. Prof. Bindley was sick, and obliged to lay off. Baby Bindley in her various specialties was well received. Cincinnatus in songs-and-dances, and Ned West in comic and negro acts, gave satisfaction. Conners and Kirk, Philhomens and Bollini, to open Oct. 2, as latter going to Cincinnati. Harry and Fannie Wood close, to open in Detroit, Mich., Oct. 11, Harry to take the stage-management of the Trevette Comique. Georgie May, La Petite Florence, Nellie Haywood, Baker and Doyle, and Leopold Bros. are to begin Oct. 4. A. N. Hing of Aubrey and Hing, who was hurt some time ago, is to be on the bill on Oct. 8. .....The new arrivals at the Theatre Comique Sept. 27 were Charlie and Jessie Fox, Niles and Evans, Emma Clifford, Charles Diamond, Eddie Moore and Aula Dore. Charles and Jessie Fox in Dutch acts and songs-and-dances, and Emma Clifford's jig, were good. Niles and Evans, in their sketch, "Sam Slick," Charles Diamond, playing his accompaniment upon a harp while dancing, were excellent, and repeatedly encored. Eddie Moore and Aula Dore were not up to the usual standard, and closed Sept. 29. The Foxes and Charles Diamond closed Oct. 2, going to Cincinnati to act as bookkeeper in a mercantile house. Big good. Letter of Oct. 2.

GUSSIE LAMAREUX, vocalist, as she was professionally known during her short life Mrs. Oscar Willis, died in Omaha, Neb., Sept. 30, after an illness of one week of brain-fever. She had been performing at Wagner's Varieties in that city. Augusta Lamareux was born in New Orleans, La., Oct. 14, 1845, and first appeared upon any stage in her native city in 1852, with a German company. She first appeared in New York at the Melodeon, Broadway, under the management of Frank Rivers, in 1859. She was married in Philadelphia, Pa., on Aug. 16 of that year, to Max Irwin, and on July 22, 1861, they sailed for California. She retugned to this city in 1865, and has since appeared in all the principal variety theatres in the country as a dancer and vocalist. She was married to Oscar Willis Nov. 18, 1867, her first husband having died in Adelaide, Australia, Aug. 9, 1864. She leaves her husband and a large circle of friends and acquaintances to mourn their loss.

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Houston, Texas, was opened for the season on Sept. 27, to reported fair business. The company includes James Thompson (stage-manager), Johnny Pierce, George Wild, Nellie Irene, Prof. Leicell, Master Eddie, Carrie Bentley, William Harvey, Rosa Lane and George Nelson.

JOSEPH W. GILMORE of Gilmore and Smith, skaters, died, a correspondent informs us, in Grand Meadow, Minn., of congestion of the brain, at the age of 21 years. He had been but a few years before the public. During the early part of the past season he was connected with Haverly's Mastodons, and later he became the manager of the N. Y. and A. O. Minstrels, which position he held until his decease. W. A. Smith, his surviving partner, tenders grateful acknowledgments for courtesies extended the deceased by many members of Cooper & Bailey's International Circus Company.

MYERS' OPERA-HOUSE, Memphis, Tenn., was opened for the season to a crowded house on Sept. 25, and the performances were received with applause. The company is excellent. Miss Antoinette Sevoy and Flora Prawley have already established themselves as favorites. Miss Sevoy sings all her songs with feeling, and her dressing is very elaborate. Of the rest of the company deserving of special mention are the Grinnell Children, Lizzie Harmon, Annie Jewell (who does a good jig), Harry Spriggs and Gilday and Gineven. Dan Griffin is the stage-manager. Business continues good. Rose, present dancer, departs for Louisville Oct. 2. Correspondence of Oct. 1.

DEN THOMPSON, Lizzie Mulvey and Johnny Whitney were the new faces at the Theatre Comique, Cleveland, O., Sept. 27. Mr. Thompson in "Joshua Whitcomb" was successful. Business remains good. The departures 2 are Mlle. Lauretta and Chas. Mathews, to Lent's Opera-house, Toledo; and Den Thompson, to Grand Central, Cincinnati.

THE O'NEIL COMBINATION, composed of Harry and Ella O'Neil and Harry Delave, opened at the Theatre Comique, Richmond, Va., Sept. 27, and proved to be a strong attraction. Agnes Sutherland closed 2. The Wood Sisters are announced. Business remains excellent.....The Grand Central Variety Theatre failed to open Oct. 1, as announced, owing to an extension of repairs to the hall. Alice Russell, Kitty Forrest, Harry Leonard, Harry Woodson, Thatcher and Harry Jefferson, are announced so far. The latter will act as stage-manager.

AT THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Providence, R. I., the new faces Sept. 27 were the Alnaleys, who are old favorites there, and Frank Marra, who made a hit in his Irish songs-and-dances. Harry Parker was also billed to appear last week, but at the last moment canceled his engagement. The departures Oct. 2 were Ella Mayo and Alice Drayton; the latter opens at St. Louis 11. The following are announced for 4: John Leland, Carrie Lavarnie and Mary Ethell. Business for the week good.

NEWTON'S VARIETIES, Hartford, Ct., under the management of J. K. Newton, will open for the season on Oct. 4. J. H. Cooke will be the stage-manager; Dr. Z. C. Alden, treasurer; G. W. Pearson, leader of orchestra; and M. Dorsey, master of properties. The company announced comprises: H. Cooke, vocalist; James Roche and John Turner, Ethiopian comedians; Tom Murphy and Mlle. Henrietta, Irish sketch; Mlle. Laverse and Lyman Laiscelle, gymnasts; Wayne and Lovely, song-and-dance; Fred Carroll, banjoist; Lillian Forrest, serio-comic; and the La Verde Children. Wednesday and Saturday matinees are announced.

PARKER and dogs have been reengaged at Howes & Cushing's Circus.

NEGRO MINSTRELSY.

DUPREZ & BENEDICT'S MINSTRELS were in Memphis, Tenn., Sept. 30, Oct. 1, 2, and are to amuse the public of Huntsville, Ala., 4, Chattanooga, Tenn., 5, Atlanta, Ga., 6, 7, Montgomery, Ala., 8, Selma 9, Montgomery (return visit) 11, Columbus, Ga., 12, Macon 13, Savannah 14, 15, 16.

THE NEW ORLEANS MINSTRELS are billed to show in New London, Wis., Oct. 4, Winneconnie 5, Omro 6, Ripon 7, Beulin 8.

MAHA'S GEORGIA MINSTRELS performed in Marquette, Mich., Oct. 2, and are to show in Escanaba 4, Marinette 5, Appleton 6, Slevin's Point 7, Eau Claire, Wis., 8, Stillwater 9, Minneapolis, Minn., 11, St. Paul 12. John Hamilton, banjoist; Irving Lorenzo, principal comic; and E. Jackson have recently been added to the company.

AT HOOLEY'S, Chicago, Ill., the California Minstrels are doing all the business the house can hold. On Sept. 25 the following members of the company left for Detroit: Billy Emerson, J. G. Russell, W. H. Tills, Mackin and Wilson, and James Morrison, with an orchestra of seven pieces. To fill the vacancies, the following artists opened 27: Charles Sutton, comedian; Manchester and Jennings, song-and-dance; Charles Henry, C. S. Fredericks, and John Oberist, vocalists; and J. J. Bischel, leader. It was thought that business would fall off after Billy Emerson left; but, on the contrary, it increased. The new people were all well received. Billy Rice gave lectures on astronomy, and Billy Arlington a banjo-solo, which received several encores. Letter of Oct. 2.

CALLENDER'S GEORGIA MINSTRELS are to perform in Newark, N. J., Oct. 8, 9.

SAM PRICE is the Bones, and Edwards the Tambo, of Duprez & Benedict's Minstrels.

BRYANT'S MINSTRELS performed in New Bedford, Mass., Sept. 27, Taunton 28, 29, Chelsea 30, Lawrence Oct. 1, Manchester 2, and are to be in Worcester 4, Springfield 5, Hudson, N. Y., 6, Albany 7, Saratoga 8, Cohoes 9.

CHARLES KING, Ethiopian comedian, has left Wilson's Circus, and is now performing in the new Olympic Theatre, San Francisco, Cal.

PERCIVAL RUST, tenor or soprano ballad singer, desires an engagement with a minstrel troupe. See card.

EMERSON'S MINSTRELS (one portion of the company) opened to a good house at the Grand Opera-house, Detroit, Mich., on Sept. 30, but a falling-off in the size of the audiences was noticed in the subsequent performances, Oct. 1 and 2. W. H. Tills and J. G. Russell were the vocalistars; the cards of the evening, however (besides Billy himself), were Mackin and Wilson in their specialty of "Wash-day." They strike for San Francisco direct. Advices of Oct. 2.

KELLY & LEON'S MINSTRELS will appear during the week commencing Oct 11 at Ford's Opera-house, Washington, D. C.

BUCKLEY'S SERENADERS go on the even tenor of their way at Beethoven Hall, Boston, Mass., to fair but not crowded houses. The entertainment for this week embraces the usual first-part, the first appearance of Miss Ada Morgan, and of Messrs. Fagan and Parks, song-and-dance artists. The burlesque of "La Sonnambula" will close each entertainment.

J. H. HAVERLY'S MINSTRELS commenced a week's season in St. Louis, Mo., Oct. 4. They recently gave entertainments in altimore, Md., and the press of that city thus speaks of their performances:

At Ford's Opera-house, last night, Haverly's Minstrels drew a very large audience, despite the bad weather, thus reflecting the appreciation of our citizens for the chaste and attractive performances of that renowned troupe.—*Baltimore Daily Sun.*

HAVERLY'S MINSTRELS.—This great and unequaled troupe of Ethiopian performers continue to attract large crowds to Ford's Grand Opera-house. There was an entire change of programme last evening, and from the hearty applause of the audience it was evident that the new bill proved highly acceptable. Barlow and Wilson, the inimitable end-men, brought out a number of fresh witticisms, and sang several good songs. The first-part of the first-part were pleasing, and the curtain went down amid roars of laughter over the burlesque circus business of the end-men. During the olio Barlow appeared in sketches, Primrose and West sang and danced admirably, Stanley gave a number of his excellent female impersonations, the California Quartet sang camp-meeting hymns in a manner that brought down the house, and Johnson and Norton did no end of fun in the farce of "Hamlet and His Ma." The remainder of the programme was acceptable, and the audience went home filled with laughter.—*Baltimore American.*

FORD'S GRAND OPERA HOUSE.—Another full house greeted Haverly's Minstrels last night. The programme presented was an excellent one, exhibiting a much higher standard throughout than is usual with minstrel organizations. There seems to be but one opinion in regard to the merit of the troupe—that it is among the very finest that have ever visited Baltimore. Part first is a particularly striking feature, Barlow and Wilson being altogether the smartest and most ready humorous end-men on the boards. Special mention must also be made of M. G Barlow. His old-man impersonations are matchless, and his comedy acting unsurpassable. But in all verity, the whole troupe, or rather every individual member of it, is worthy of a particular notice.—*Baltimore Gazette.*

FORD'S.—THE MINSTRELS.—Lovers of the sweet and melodious, and the acts and jokes which made the Christy Minstrels famous in years that are gone, can find an excellent and acceptable substitute for that troupe in Haverly's great company, now performing at the Grand Opera-house. Nothing so bright or so new in the minstrel business has for many years come before the public of this city, and as a consequence large and brilliant audiences nightly assemble to witness the performances. So much has already been said in praise of the company that further eulogy may seem superfluous; but our advice to everyone is to secure seats for the next week, when a change in the bill of the members of Haverly's company.—*Baltimore Daily News*

JUSTICE AT LAST.—Duprez & Benedict's Minstrels are to appear in Atlanta, Ga., Oct., 6, 7, being their first visit to that town since the unjust conviction of Frank Dumont, one of the company, of theft. In anticipation of their visit, *The Daily Herald* of Sept. 29 says:

The people of Atlanta owe this troupe a good demonstration. It will be remembered that Frank Dumont, one of the members of that company, was arrested in this city on a charge of theft, and that the company only got out of the city after paying about $1,200. Circumstances, developing since the trial, have shown that Dumont was innocent, although he—indeed, unanimously, as far as we can learn—that Dumont was not guilty, and that he was treated badly, though, of course, unwittingly, as far as the court, witnesses, and prosecutors were concerned. Atlanta is a place full of generous impulses, and it is the deliberate opinion that De Give's will be liveller, and packed fuller of noisier people, the night that Frank Dumont makes his bow, than it has been in many a day. The whole town will turn out, and start the boy on his way with the old stain washed out.

CIRCUSES.

WILLIS WOLF, leaper and tumbler, died of consumption, after a long and painful illness, at the residence of his mother, in Macomb, Ill., July 14, aged 24. Deceased had traveled throughout the country with many first-class circuses, and enjoyed a high reputation as a high leaper and tumbler. In social life he was a congenial companion, sincere and never-failing friend. His many friends and acquaintances will regret to learn of his untimely taking-away, intelligence of which has only just reached us.

SELLS BROTHERS' EUROPEAN CIRCUS AND MENAGERIE exhibited in Withiville, Va., Oct. 4.

SPRINGER'S CIRCUS-ZOOLOGICAL is to be in Shannon, Ill., Oct. 5.

VAN AMBURGH & CO.'S CIRCUS AND MENAGERIE showed in Palmyra, N. Y., Sept. 30, Lyons Oct. 1.

BURR ROBBINS' CIRCUS AND MENAGERIE is to close for the season at Warren, Ill., Oct. 15, and from there will proceed to Winter-quarters on Mr. Robbins' Spring Brook farm, Janesville, Wis.

JAMES FROST, formerly with W. W. Cole's Circus, is referred to W. W. Cole's card in another column.

A HORSE peculiarly marked is wanted for the Star Clothing House, Detroit, Mich. See card.

P. T. BARNUM'S WORLD'S FAIR is to show in Johnstown, Pa., Oct. 4, Ebensburg 5, Holidaysburg 6, Altoona 7, Tyrone 8, Huntington 9, Lewistown 11, Mifflington 12, Newport 13, Duncannon 14, Harrisburg 15, Lebanon 16.

THE RUSSIAN ATHLETES, Chas. Johanoff, Wash Antonio and Geo. Dunbar, were to have left this city Sept. 30 for Havana, to form a company, consisting of Chas. Johanoff, manager; Geo. Dunbar, assistant; Wash. Antonio, treasurer; Mlle. Martha and Maggie Girofla, and Signor Siegrist and Son, and Nat Rodgers and two sons. They propose performing in such towns in the West

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BIG HIT. SURE CARD. CALLED BEFORE THE CURTAIN EACH NIGHT. THE GREATEST SUCCESS ever made at Trimble's Varieties, Pittsburg, Pa., by any Sketch Artist was by Miss Martha Wren and James Collins in their Original Musical Sketch, entitled "Through by Rail." Commence at Park Theatre, Brooklyn, Oct. 4, for 2 weeks; Front-street Theatre, Baltimore, Oct. 18, for 2 weeks. 28-1t°

NOTICE.—GLOBE THEATRE, NEW ORLEANS, LA. Eighty Thousand Dollars Capital. This Theatre, having changed hands, is now under a new management. Parties having contracts under former management will immediately address CHARLES HOWARD, Manager Globe Theatre, New Orleans, La. Fifty handsome young ladies wanted. 28-2t

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H. MILLER'S WINTER GARTEN, PHILADELPHIA. Nos. 720, 722, 724, 726 VINE STREET. The finest Variety and Concert place. Only first-class artists and musicians. Artists wanted every week. HENRY MILLER, Proprietor. 26-13t°

WILSON HALL, GERMANTOWN, PHILADELPHIA. Formerly Germantown Opera-house. This building has changed hands, and has undergone a complete change in all respects, both inside and out, making it one of the most handsomely fitted-up places of the kind in this country. Full stock of scenery, with all the modern appliances. Seating capacity, 800. Population of ward, 30,000. Rent reduced from $50 to $25. The proprietor, being aware that the rent of most places of the kind is entirely too high, has reduced the rent, giving all a fair chance. G. BANKS WILSON, Proprietor. Office Hall, Wilson Hall, Germantown, Phila. WASHINGTON F. GAMBLE, Agent, Germantown, Phila. 26-4t°

WANTED, TO RENT OR PURCHASE, A PANORAMA. Address BLEHAPIN, Crisco, Iowa. 27-3t°

CARD. CONCERNING BENEFITS AND SPECULATION ENGAGEMENTS FOR THE COMING SEASON OF 1875 AND '76. DUPREE & BENEDICT'S ORIGINAL NEW ORLEANS GIGANTIC MINSTRELS AND BRASS BAND, GREAT TRIPLE COMPANY AND BURLESQUE OPERA TROUPE OF TWENTY-FOUR YEARS' ORGANIZATION AND MOST SUCCESSFUL RELIABLE AND POWERFUL MINSTREL BAND IN THE WORLD. Have received thousands of applications throughout the entire country the past seasons from Lyceum Lecture Course Committees, Firemen Companies, Clubs, Military Societies, School Committees, Home Orphan Institutes, Temperance and Benevolent Societies, and many mechanic and other organizations, asking and inquiring particulars, if the services of our company could be engaged on a certainty for one or two nights to play for their benefits, etc. We have also received hundreds of applications from proprietors of Opera-houses, Theatres, Agents of Halls, Billposters and others, wanting to know if we would arrange dates to play for them on a certainty, or sell our receipts for one or two nights for their own special speculation, etc., etc., etc. But all such applications we had to decline to negotiate, owing to an extensive traveling route being always arranged five and nine months ahead, which prevented us from accepting any of the above offers whatever. But now we take great pleasure to announce to all the above applicants that we have made arrangements the coming season to accept of such above-mentioned engagements, providing the same will come on our regular route, or within forty to sixty miles from each city we visit, and we to reserve the exclusive right to fix the day and date for such benefits most convenient to our route. Our terms will be from two hundred and fifty dollars ($250) to four hundred and fifty dollars ($450) per night, according to the size of the city and the standing reputation of the company therein. We will give the entire entertainment, and furnish all our regular usual advertising, consisting of large Pictorial Posters, Advance Ribbon Dodgers, Daily Minstrel Heralds of eight pages of reading matter, Red Band Dodgers and House Programmes. We will also furnish all advertisements in dailies, and, in fact, we will pay and furnish everything else required to make the entertainment a success except opera-house or hall rent, license, gas, and help required to run the same, which must be furnished and paid for by the parties engaging us. We will also furnish the services of our two first-class agents, who will advertise each and every city thoroughly two weeks in advance. First-class managers of theatres wishing to make engagements during the regular season, for one or two weeks on a certainty, will meet with prompt attention, and we will endeavor to fix such dates to suit them. The following are some of the cities we shall visit this coming season, giving an idea of our route to all intended applicants, and they can govern themselves accordingly: Commencing with the 3d, Pittsburg, city of Pittsburg, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Boston, Brooklyn, Cleveland, Louisville, Chicago, Baltimore, Washington, Philadelphia, Albany, Milwaukee, Providence, R. I., Lowell, Manchester, Portland, Worcester, Hartford, Lawrence, Albany, Newark, Trenton, Harrisburg, Wilmington, Easton, Scranton, Lancaster, Elmira, Utica, Williamsport, Syracuse, Rochester, Buffalo, Watertown, Wheeling, Columbus, Erie, Detroit, East Saginaw, Grand Rapids, Fort Wayne, Battle Creek, Lafayette, Dayton, Indianapolis, Terre Haute, Martinsville, Portsmouth, Lexington, Chillicothe, Evansville, Memphis, Nashville, Jackson, Vicksburg, New Orleans, Galveston, Houston, Little Rock, Cairo, Quincy, Keokuk, Peoria, Springfield, Bloomington, Madison, La Crosse, St. Paul, Red Wing, Rochester, Dubuque, Fond du Lac, Janesville, Racine, Kenosha, Beloit, Delavan, Fort Wayne, Leavenworth City, Council Bluffs, Sioux City, Yankton, Omaha, Denver City, Salt Lake, San Francisco, Stockton, Sacramento, Marysville, Virginia City, Kansas City, St. Joseph, Atchison, Jefferson City, Huntsville, Ala., Chattanooga, Knoxville, Norfolk, Petersburg, Richmond, Montreal, Quebec, Ottawa, and Toronto. All letters of application must be addressed to No. 128 North Third street, Philadelphia, Pa., to CHAS. H. DUPREE, Manager of the Great Dupree & Benedict's Minstrels. Cut this out and keep it for future reference. P. S.—Arrangements can also be made on the arrival in each city, ten days in advance of the company, with our only authorized general business agent, J. H. LAINE, Esq. 26-11t sow

THE YOUNG AND POPULAR BALLAD-SINGER of Philadelphia desires an engagement in a first-class theatre as Prima or Soprano. Address 28-1t° PERCIVAL RUST, 2,215 Preston avenue, Phila.

JOE P. MARSTON, AT LIBERTY AFTER SEPT. 1. Address, BOX 455, NILES, MICH. 20-4t

HUGHSON'S OPERA-HOUSE, NORWICH, N. Y. The above new and elegant establishment, with new and beautiful scenery arranged in the most modern style, with private boxes, etc., may be rented by the night or week for DRAMATIC COMBINATIONS, CONCERT, MINSTREL, AND OPERATIC TROUPES, ETC. SEATING CAPACITY, 1,000. Address all letters to O. M. HUGHSON, 22-13t° Norwich, N. Y.

PROFESSOR MOREY, THE AMERICAN MAGICIAN, IS IN VENEZUELA, S. A. 21-4t

NOTICE TO TRAVELING TROUPES. A NEW AND HANDSOME HALL, in Owensboro, Ky.; capacity, 900; parquet, dress-circle and gallery. For particulars, address Drawer 775, Owensboro, Ky. 21-3t

SOUTH ADAMS, MASS. COLLINS HALL, with scenery, gas; accommodates 600; thriving manufacturing town; 5,000 inhabitants. Terms reasonable. Address ISAAC COLLINS. 22-12t°

WASHINGTON HALL, SCRANTON, PA. THIS HALL HAS BEEN REFITTED, WE MAY SAY REBUILT, AND IS NOW READY FOR OCCUPANCY. Terms moderate. Apply to JAMES JIFKINS, 23-13t° Scranton, Pa.

CITY HALL, LEWISTON, MAINE. This is a new hall, facing the Park, located on three streets, and is one of the best halls in New England. Will seat 1,800. Large and commodious stage, with all modern improvements and a full set of scenery. Brilliantly lighted with gas, and furnished with every convenience to make it first-class. For dates and particulars address COMMITTEE ON CITY HALL, Lewiston, Me. 5-26t°

PETROLIA OPERA-HOUSE, PETROLIA, PA.—Size of hall, 140x31 feet; stage, 31x26 feet. Scenery and everything applying thereto in first-class order. Seating capacity 1,000; population 5,000. One of the best show towns in Northwestern Pennsylvania. Twenty rooms, finely furnished, for the accommodation of troupes. This fine hall can be rented by the night, percentage, or will engage first-class talent ONLY, to play one or more nights under my management during the season. Reserved seats will be sold only at R. W. Cram's Post-office building, Petrolia, Pa., who is my only authorized agent for sale of the same. Two first-class hotels, viz., Central and Bonliger, are located within three hundred feet of the Opera-house, where all troupes visiting the place can receive first-class accommodations at reasonable rates. Address all communications to O. W. FLETCHER, Manager Petrolia Opera-house, P. O. Box 613, Petrolia, Pa. 18-13t°

SHIMER OPERA-HOUSE, AUBURN, N. Y. Inclined Floor, Parquette and two Gal leries. Seats 1,800. A regular-built Theatre. Price, fifty dollars per night. 15-38t°

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BALTIMORE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, centrally and fashionably located, including an auditorium with 1,600 first-class seats, and an entirely distinct concert hall, with 1,000 first-class seats, may be engaged separately, by the night or week, at reasonable rents, with fuel, gas and attaches included. First-class combinations will be treated with on liberal sharing terms, if preferred. For open dates in the coming season apply to J. D. FERGUSON, Manager. 28-1f

CONCERT HALL, SCHLENK & SCHUPP'S BLOCK, MAIN STREET, STILLWATER, MINN. Concert hall called by all companies the best hall in the city. Handsomely located in the most central part of the city. Hall on the second floor, only one short flight of stairs. Scenery complete, good ventilation, and lighted with gas. Seating capacity, 800 and more. Size of hall, 50x80 feet. Proprietors, 17-13t° SCHLENK & SCHUPP.

MUSIC HALL, PITTSTON, PA. One of the handsomest halls in the State. Now in its second year. A full stock of scenery. License paid by the year. For terms, apply to HOWELL & CAMPBELL, 21-8t° Proprietors and Managers.

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OPERA-HOUSE, COLUMBUS, OHIO. THE ONLY FIRST-CLASS THEATRE IN THE CITY. On principal street, one, and one-half blocks from principal hotels. Street cars pass the entrances and connect with all other lines. Entirely refitted. HEATED BY STEAM, and LIGHTED BY ELECTRICITY ONLY, and first-class in all its appointments. For rent or sharing terms address THEO. COMSTOCK, Proprietor, 18-13t° Or C. S. AMMEL, Treasurer.

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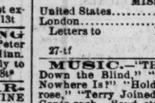
IMPORTANT TO TROUPES COMING TO MONTGOMERY, ALA., THIS SEASON. MONTGOMERY (ALA.) THEATRE has been leased to GEO. F. McDONALD, who assumes its control in the future and to whom all communications should be addressed. WOULD BE PLEASED TO HEAR FROM PARTIES ALREADY BOOKED. The house has been THOROUGHLY OVERHAULED AND REPAINTED. Information regarding the theatre or city furnished on application. Reserved seats sold, as heretofore, at R. W. OFFUTT'S NEWS DEPOT, City Building, next to Post Office, opposite theatre. Office of CITY BILL POSTER. 27 2t.

ST. NICHOLAS IMPERIAL HOTEL, HAMILTON, ONT., immediately adjoining the theatre. Troupe terms, $1 per day. [26-13t° JAMES HARRISON, Manager.

MOBILE THEATRE, MOBILE, ALABAMA, will play good attractions on sharing terms, or rent by the day or week. Address D. BIDWELL, 24-8t° Academy of Music, New Orleans.

THEATRE COMIQUE, MILWAUKEE, WIS. First-class variety artists, send open dates and lowest salary. Silence a respectful negative. N. B.—No wine-room. WILK. WEBBER, Proprietor. JOE PURDY, Stage-manager. 25-4t°



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NALY'S OPERA-HOUSE, GREENSBURG, PA. NOW OPEN FOR THE SEASON OF 1875-6. IS ENTIRELY NEW. Elegant and complete stock of scenery, painted by the eminent artist, John Johnson. Traps, private boxes, orchestra, parquet, dress-circle and balcony. FIRST-CLASS TROUPES ONLY TREATED WITH ON LIBERAL TERMS. 28-7t° W. S. NALY, Proprietor.

GRAND OPERA-HOUSE, HARRISBURG, PA. For rent by the night or longer upon the following terms: One Night, $250; 2 nights, $400 per night; for 3 nights or more, $300 per night. For further information address 25-12t° GEO. W. ROBERTSON, Sec.

THE BRAHAMS have concluded a highly SUCCESSFUL ENGAGEMENT at the PARK THEATRE, Brooklyn, N. Y. Open Oct 4, for two weeks, at FOX'S AMERICAN THEATRE, Philadelphia. For open dates address their sole agents, SIMMONDS & WALL, 10 Union square, New York. 28-1t°

THE BRAHAMS specialty performers in the variety line, have developed talents which are artistically beyond the highest point attained by artists of their class. Their dialogues, scenes, and single acts, at Colonel Sinn's Theatre, are "character business" of the first order, and would do credit to more pretentious temples of art than variety halls. Both Mr. and Mrs. Brahams are good singers, (both knowledge of the art of character make-up is correct, and their scenes and acts are rounded off in a symmetrical manner that gives an air distinct to their comic work.—BROOKLYN DAILY ARGUS, Oct. 1, 1875. 28-1t°

LIZZIE AND HARRY BRAHAM in one week have taken the patrons of this house by storm, and have established themselves as favorites.—NEW YORK CLIPPER, Oct. 2, 1875. Sole agents, SIMMONDS & WALL, 28-1t° 10 Union square, New York.

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JAMES FROST (SON OF CHAS. FROST, NEPHEW OF HYATT FROST), formerly in my employ. You must let me hear from you at Charlotte, N. C., Oct. 14. 28-1t° Don't fail. W. W. COLE.

Jolly John Nash, THE GREATEST LAUGHING ARTIST IN THE WORLD, just arrived from London, under an engagement to JOSH HALL'S NEW EAGLE THEATRE COMIQUE, THIRD ENGAGEMENT. For terms and future dates, etc., address COL. BROWN, 201 West Fourth street, New York.

N. B—Jolly Nash, the great favorite Comic Singer of the Prince of Wales, has declined to accompany H. R. H. to India, on account of his engagements in America. Vide London Times. 28-1t°

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NOTICE TO MANAGERS. **THE CLAIRE SISTERS,** having closed a very successful engagement of three weeks at Metropolitan Theatre, Indianapolis, open at Theatre Comique, St. Louis, Oct. 3, two weeks; Theatre Comique, Cleveland, Oct. 18, two weeks; Grand Central, Baltimore, Nov. 1, two weeks; Trimble's, Pittsburg, Nov. 15, two weeks; Odeon, Newark, Nov. 29, two weeks; Howard Athenæum, Boston, Dec. 13, two weeks. First open date, Dec. 27. Managers wishing to engage them, please address as above. 28-1t°

BABY M'DONALD. THE WONDER OF THE 19th CENTURY, the greatest child artist living (only 5 years old), in conjunction with her father, JAMES McDONALD, champion pedestal skate and clog dancer, NATIONAL THEATRE COMIQUE, Cincinnati, Ohio. 28-1t°

PARIS THEATRE, Nos. 19 and 21 CANAL STREET, CHICAGO, ILL. FARRINGTON & CO.....Proprietors CHAS. FARRINGTON.....Business-manager FRANK HARRINGTON.....Director of Amusements Will open for the season of 1875-76 positively on SATURDAY EVENING, OCT. 2. The above cosy little theatre has been entirely remodeled and refitted, regardless of expense, with an entire stock of new scenery and appointments.

SEATING CAPACITY, 900. WANTED IMMEDIATELY, **SPECIALTY ARTISTS** IN ALL BRANCHES OF THE PROFESSION, **LADY ATTRACTIONS ESPECIALLY.** Write immediately and secure dates. Address CHAS. FARRINGTON, Business-manager Paris Theatre, 28-14° 19 and 21 Canal street, Chicago, Ill.

RANDOLPH-STREET OPERA-HOUSE, "PARISIAN GAIETIES," CHICAGO, ILL. This establishment will begin a prolonged season on or about Oct. 25 for the production of Opera-bouffe, Musical Burlesques, etc. **WANTED,** Two Attractive and Sprightly Soubrettes, possessing musical ability and good voices, to assume leading roles, as above; a good tenor and leading actor, COMEDIAN, baritone, etc.; also **20 ATTRACTIVE LADIES** for ballet and minor characters. Parties who have been engaged with Emily Soldene and similar organizations are particularly requested to apply. SERIO-COMIC VOCALISTS AND LADY SPECIALTY ARTISTS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION ALWAYS WANTED. ALSO, A THOROUGHLY COMPETENT DIRECTOR, who understands opera-bouffe and burlesque, and can produce versions of comic operas from the repertoire of the imported companies in this country last season and at present. All applicants must possess ability, good personal appearance and wardrobe. Ladies will please send photographs, if convenient. We will also pay liberal prices for original comic operettas and sketches possessing a "PARISIAN SENSATIONAL TONE." Make all applications (BY LETTER ONLY) to JNO. M. HICKEY, 28-14° 193 Lasalle street, Chicago, Ill.

WANTED, for one of the finest variety theatres in the country, to be opened in a few weeks, artists of acknowledged ability, for the first-part; regular minstrel business and good variety performers. Box 3,038, 27-2t° Boston P. O.

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FRONT-STREET THEATRE, BALTIMORE, MD. A few open dates for first-class Dramatic and Variety Stars. Address WM. E. SINN, New Park Theatre, Brooklyn, N. Y. Or Manager Front-st. Theatre, Baltimore, Md. 28-1t

TWO PIANISTS gentleman and wife, graduates of the principal Conservatorium in Europe, assistant directors, wish engagements as such in a fine concert troupe. Address PIANIST, 28-4t° 311 West 13th street, Chicago, Ill.

I, JAMES McDONALD, DO HEREBY ACCEPT EDWARD POOL'S CHALLENGE to dance on a Pedestal three inches, with six skates, on a pedestal four feet high, and thirteen inches square on the top; also to dance on same pedestal a clog dance. What he means by DOING BUSINESS on a pedestal I do not know; would be pleased to have my comrades, which I never attempted, to my dancing carries me through without interruption. I CHALLENGE any MAN IN THE WORLD for ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS, to dance a PEDESTAL SKATE and CLOG DANCE on a PEDESTAL four feet high, sixteen inches square at the top. If Mr. Pool is willing to dance my age (24 inches). NO OTHER BUSINESS TO BE INTRODUCED. let him forward a sum of money to MR. QUEEN, CLIPPER Office, and I will quickly cover it. JAMES McDONALD, 28-1t° Champion Pedestal Skate Dancer of the World, NATIONAL THEATRE COMIQUE, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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In commencing their present season (1875-'76) the management respectfully announce that it has been their constant aim and endeavor to *improve* and vary their entertainments as much as possible each successive year. To this end they have spared neither pains nor expense in securing the most competent artists and in obtaining the most improved instruments, and a reference to the list of names forming the company will show that we have been eminently successful in obtaining superior talent, whereby we shall be fully able to meet the anticipations of our many friends and the public generally, and to maintain the position we have so long enjoyed of giving the most novel, chaste and pleasing MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT in the United States.

THE FOLLOWING NAMED LADIES AND GENTLEMEN WILL COMPRISE THE COMPANY FOR THE PRESENT SEASON:

MR. SOL. SMITH RUSSELL, Comedian, Humorist and Eccentric Character Delineator;
MISS ANNA BERGER, Cornet and Violin Soloist, and Serio-comic Vocalist; **MLLE. EMMA KLAISY,** Violoncello Soloist and B Flat Cornet;
MISS ANNA MORGAN, Soprano and Vocalist; **MISS ETTA MORGAN,** French Horn and First E Flat Alto;
MISS JOSIE MADDOCK, French Horn and Second E Flat; **MISS JENNIE TITUS,** Trombone and B Flat Tenor;
MR. FRED G. BERGER, Solo Harpist and E Flat Cornet; **MR. HENRY G. BERGER,** Flute, Piccolo and E Flat Tube;
MR. ALBERT ANDERSON, Solo Violinist, Baritone Horn and Leader of Orchestra.

The splendid set of BAND INSTRUMENTS used by this company were manufactured to order by F. BESSON of London, Eng., and imported for us by Mr. LOUIS SCHREIBER of New York. The COSTUMES are from the house of A. T. STEWART & CO., N. Y. Our NEW PRINTING, which is beyond all question the most elegant and extensive used by any traveling troupe in America in form; the celebrated NATIONAL PRINTING COMPANY OF CHICAGO LITHOGRAPHS (seven different kinds); by Mr. H. THOMAS, 50 Bleecker street.

THE BERGER FAMILY will during the present season fulfill engagements in Savannah, Charleston, Richmond, Baltimore, Washington, New York City, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Omaha, Salt Lake City, and San Francisco. Also, in Boston, and for the first time in the principal cities of the New England States. All the time for the entire season has been filled with the exception of two or three weeks reserved for the New England States; information concerning which can be had on application to the REDPATH LYCEUM BUREAU, 36 Bromfield street, Boston, Mass. For other information, address (care CLIPPER OFFICE)

FRED G. BERGER, SOL SMITH RUSSELL, } Proprietors. CHAS. H. PRATT, Advertising Agent.

FRED G. BERGER, Manager. W. W. FOWLER, General Business Manager. 27-1t

BANJOS.—DOBSON'S PATENT BANJOS, closed on the back. The most brilliant-toned instrument in the world. Rosewood, elegantly silver-mounted, $20; No. 2, $30; No. 3, $40; No. 4, $50. All style open-back banjos from $5.00 to $50; also bones, tamborines, strings, and musical instruments of all kinds sent C. O. D. NEW BOOK, by simple method, all new tunes. The most unmusical can play without notes or teacher. By mail, $3. Fancy tunes, $5. Same method for guitar, $5. Banjo, guitar, song-and-dance, jig and clog-dancing taught, and pupils fitted for the stage. HENRY C. DOBSON, Agent